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THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE

Works of George Herbert

CONTAINING HIS TEMPLE, SACRED

POEMS AND PRIVATE

EJACULATIONS

" In his Temple doth every man ſpeak of his honour." *Pſalm* xxix.

Engraved by T. Shoock, from a sketch by G. Hafnell.

Bemerton

London, William Pickering, 1844.

THE WORKS OF

George Herbert

IN PROSE AND VERSE

VOL. II.

London
WILLIAM PICKERING
1846

14456.19

HARVARD COLLEGE
Sept 9, 1939
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Miss Katharine F. Brothers

Advertiſement.

THE Poems of "the Divine Herbert" will be found in this edition more complete than in any that hath heretofore appeared; they were firſt printed at Cambridge in 1633, entitled "THE TEMPLE Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, by George Herbert," with a preface of "The Printers to the Reader," by Nicholas Ferrar, who was uſually called 'The Proteſtant Saint Nicholas, and the pious Mr. Herbert's brother,' to which are added certain Latin and Greek poems. Of the Temple, it has been remarked by his firſt biographer, the Rev. Barnabas Oley, that "He that reads Mr. Herbert's poems attendingly, ſhall finde not only the excellencies of Scripture Divinitie, and choice paſſages of the Fathers bound up in meetre; but the doctrine of Rome alſo finely and ſtrongly confuted; as in the poems 'To Saints and Angels,' 'The Britiſh Church,' 'The Church Militant,'" &c.

Richard Baxter, in the preface to his Poetical

Fragments (Lond. 1681) ſays:—"Next to the Scripture Poems, there are none ſo ſavoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate compoſure; But (as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, becauſe he ſpeaketh things by words, feelingly and ſeriouſly, like a man that is paſt jeſt, ſo) Herbert ſpeaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whoſe buſineſs in this world is moſt with God. Heart-work and Heaven-work make up his books."

Walton ſtates that Herbert, on his death-bed, delivered the Temple to Mr. Edmund Duncon, his executor, with the following injunction: "'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he ſhall find in it a picture of the many ſpiritual conflicts that have paſſed betwixt God and my ſoul, before I could ſubject mine to the will of Jeſus my maſter, in whoſe ſervice I have now found perfect freedom; deſire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor ſoul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are leſs than the leaſt of God's mercies.' Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of THE TEMPLE, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations; of which Mr. Ferrar would ſay, there was the picture of a Divine Soul in every page; and that the whole book was ſuch a harmony of holy paſſions, as would enrich the world with pleaſure and piety. And it appears to have

done ſo, for there have been ten thouſand of them ſold ſince the firſt impreſſion."*

In the life of Dr. Donne, Walton ſays:—

" And in this enumeration of his friends, though many muſt be omitted; yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations,' a book, in which, by declaring his own ſpiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raiſed many a dejected and diſcompoſed ſoul, and charmed them into ſweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading

---

* Izaak Walton publiſhed his life of Herbert in 1670. In the fourth edition, 1674, Walton ſays, that " there have been more than twenty thouſand of them ſold ſince the firſt impreſſion." The Temple was firſt printed at Cambridge, 1633; the ſecond edition the ſame year; third edition in 1634; fourth edit. 1635; fifth edit. 1638; ſixth edit. 1641; ſeventh edit. 1656; eighth edit. 1660; ninth edit. 1667; tenth edit. 1674; eleventh edit. 1678; twelfth edit. 1703; thirteenth edit. 1709; fourteenth edit. Briſtol, 1799; fifteenth edit. Lond. 1805. In the Bodleian Library is a MS. formerly belonging to Abp. Sancroft, and then to Bp. Tanner, entitled, " The original of Mr. George Herbert's Temple, as it was at firſt Licenſed for the Preſſe. W. Sancroft;" beautifully written in folio, the punctuation altered by Sancroft. Dr. Bliſs ſays, that the poems are the ſame with thoſe ed. 1656, on a ſlight collation, there does not appear to be any various readings, and but one tranſpoſition. On the title is the poetical dedication, and at the bottom, original autographs.—B. Lany *Procan.* Tho. Bainbrigg. M. Wren. William Beale. Tho. Freman. There is alſo in the ſame library the following in MS. " Mr. Herbert's Temple and Church Militant, explained and improved by a diſcourſe upon each poem, critical and practical, by Geo. Ryley, 1715."

whereof, and the aſſiſtance of that ſpirit that ſeemed to inſpire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghoſt and Heaven, and may by ſtill reading ſtill keep thoſe ſacred fires burning upon the altar of ſo pure a heart, as ſhall free it from the anxieties of the world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendſhip, made up by ſuch a ſympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendſhip was ſtill maintained by many ſacred endearments."

Of the Latin poems, three are appended to the original edition of his Remains, two are found in the Lacrymæ Cantabrigienſes and Epicedium Cantabrigienſe, and three more are given from autographs in the hands of the publiſher. Some others were firſt printed by Dr. Ja. Duport, Profeſſor of Greek in the Univerſity of Cambridge, at the end of a ſmall volume,* containing other ſimilar pro-

* Eccleſiaſtes Solomonis, Auctore Joan. Viviano, Canticum Solomonis: necnon Epigrammata Sacra per Ja. Duportum. Accedunt Georgii Herberti Muſæ Reſponſoriæ, &c. 1662. In Duport's Muſæ Subſecivæ, &c. Camb. 1676, 8vo. are Latin verſes addreſſed to Herbert; alſo in a volume of Latin Poems by Will. Dillingham, D.D. of Camb. 8vo. 1678, are tranſlations of five of Herbert's, viz. The Church Porch, The Sacrifice, Providence, Charms and Knots, and Man's Medley. In the Poems of Daniel Baker, M.A. 1697, will be found verſes "On Mr. George Herbert's Poems, called the Temple." Thoſe by Craſhaw and Ford are printed at the end of the Commendatory Verſes.

ductions. They are introduced with this notice, "*Epigrammata quædam pro diſciplina Eccleſiæ noſtræ Apologetica, aliquot abhinc annis conſcripta a Geo. Herberto, at quali et quanto viro et poeta, quam pio, quam ingenioſo! de quo præſtat omnino tacere quam pauca dicere; præſertim cum eximiam ejus pietatim admirabilis ingenii ſale conditam loquetur Templum, loquetur Tempus, loquetur Æternitas. Hæc igitur carmina, polita ad modum et elegantia, τοῦ πατρὸς γνήσια τέκνα, et Auctoris genium plane redolentia, quaſi aureæ coronidis* (χρυσέην κορώνην *Hom.*) *loco prioribus attexere viſum eſt.*"

The works of Herbert are not extenſive; it has therefore been thought adviſable to inſert in this volume every ſpecimen which remains of him as a poet; although the reader of the preſent day may not be diſpoſed to agree in the above eulogy on his Latin compoſitions. The SYNAGOGUE, or the Shadow of the Temple, by the Rev. Chriſtopher Harvey,* firſt printed 1640, is retained in this edition. By the kindneſs of the Rev. Dr. Bliſs, Regiſtrar of the Univerſity of Oxford, the publiſher is enabled to add a Poem, aſcribed to Herbert,† entitled "a Paradox, that the ſicke are in a better caſe then the whole;" and ſome particulars of C. Harvey. The Notes by the late S. T. Coleridge, printed at the end of this volume, occur in a copy of the Tem-

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* See the advertiſement before the Synagogue in this edition.

† From a MS. Collection of Poems in the Bodleian Library, chiefly by Cambridge men, and written from 1647 to 1658.

ple which formerly belonged to him, and with whom it was a great favorite. He appears to have contemplated editing a ſelection, with a few ſlight alterations of the verſe.

The Greek and Latin poems entitled Parentalia, which, having been diſcovered too late for inſertion in the former edition, were attached to the Remains, have, in this edition, been inſerted in their proper places: they were found at the end of a Sermon by Dr. Donne, on the death of Lady Danvers, the mother of G. Herbert.

The proſe Works of Herbert conſiſt of the Prieſt to the Temple, Proverbs, Letters, &c. which are printed in a volume uniform with the Poems, with the Life by Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton prefixed, and together form the entire works of Herbert known to be extant.

Piccadilly,
June 30, 1844.

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Commendatory Verſes.

A Memorial to the Honourable George Herbert,

Author of the Sacred Poems, who died about anno 1635.*

READ o'er theſe raptures with a curious eye,
You muſt conclude, this eagle ſoared high:
Montgomery Caſtle was the place where he
Had his firſt breathing and nativity.
Of that moſt noble houſe this hero came,
Who left the world this legacy of fame.
Great ſaint, unto thy memory and ſhrine
I owe all veneration, ſave divine,
For thy rare poems: piety and pen
Speak thee no leſs than miracle of men.
The graces all, both moral and divine,
In thee concentre, and with thee combine:

---

* In the Regiſter of Fuggleſton and Bemerton, the following entry occurs, "Mr. George Herbert, Eſq. Parſon of Fuggleſton and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

Theſe ſacred leſſons, ſet to thy ſweet lute,
Was muſic that would make Apollo mute:
Nay, all thoſe warbling chanters of the ſpring
Would ſit half tame to hear Arion ſing.
What province hath produced a greater ſoul,
Between the arctic and antarctic pole,
Than Wales hath done? where Herbert's church ſhall be
A laſting pyramid for him and thee.
What father of a church can you rehearſe,
That gain'd more ſouls to God 'twixt proſe and verſe?
What orator had more magnetic ſtrains?
What poet ſuch a fancy, pen, or brains,
In our great hierarchy? ſhow me the man
That ſang more ſadly than this dying ſwan,
This bird of paradiſe, this glowworm bright,
This philomel, this glory of the night.
Seeing the deluge rage, the clouds ſtill dark,
Reſtleſs below, return'd up to the ark,
This ſacred dove, before he ſcaled the ſkies,
Rarely ſet forth, the world's great ſacrifice;
A melting poem, all the reſt ſo high,
That the dull world may learn to live and die.
Never did pen humane, or earing brain,
Expreſs or vent ſuch a ſeraphic ſtrain.
You that are poets born, contend and ſtrive,
In ſpite of death, dead Herbert to revive.
Bring wreaths of larix, an immortal tree,
To Salem's ſacred hill, for obſequy.
Parnaſſus' mount was never ſo divine,
To turn the muſe's water into wine.
The Delphian poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as *major dome;*
And though the biſhop and his clerks do boaſt,
That old falſe prophet there doth rule the roaſt.

A laſting ſpring of blood ſprings near that hill,
There he did bathe; there you your phials fill.
'Twill melt your hearts to view thoſe deſolations;
Yet from that ſpring flows higheſt inſpirations.
Therein your annals ſuch encomiums bring
To his memorial, as the doves in ſpring.
Such moan as Egypt's viceroy once did make
At Abel-Mizraim for his father's ſake,
Make your ſhrill trumpets: from that thorny hill
Benhinnon's valleys with amazement fill.
To the ſepulchre go, there ſacrifice
The diſtillations of your hearts and eyes.
When you depart, fall down, and kiſs that land,
Where once his maſter's ſacred feet did ſtand.
No art or engine can you ſafely truſt
To poliſh him, but his own ſacred duſt.
Nor can you paint or pencil him too high,
That lived and died without an enemy;
That left behind him this admired tomb,
But no Eliſha in Eliah's room.

An Epitaph upon the Honourable George Herbert.

YOU weeping marbles, monuments, we truſt,
As well with the injurious, as the juſt.
When your great truſt at laſt ſhall be reſign'd,
And when his noble duſt ſhall be refined:
You ſhall more gold, myrrh, frankincenſe return,
Than ſhall be found in great Auguſtus' urn.

He was the wonder of a better age,
The eclipſe of this, of empty heads the rage.
Phœnix of Wales, of his great name the glory.
A theme above all verſe, beyond all ſtory.
A plant of Paradiſe; which, in a word,
Worms ne'er ſhall wither as they did the gourd.

Go, you unborn, bedew dear Herbert's tomb;
No more ſuch babes are in Dame Nature's womb.
No more ſuch blazing comets ſhall appear,
Nor leave ſo happy influences here.
Go, thaw your hearts at his celeſtial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go, you dark poems, dark even as the ſkies,
Make the ſcales fall from our dark dazzling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our ſight,
Glowworms to glitter in the moſt gloomy night.
About thoſe glorious regions he is fled,
Where once St. Paul was rapt and raviſhed.

Here a divine, prophet, and poet lies,
That laid up manna for poſterities.

P. D. Eſq.

The Church Militant.

THE Church's progreſs is a maſterpiece,
Limn'd to the life, of Egypt, Rome, and Greece:
Wherein he gives the conclave ſuch a blow,
They ne'er received from either friend or foe.

England and France do bear an equal ſhare
In his predictions, which time will declare;
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious luſt,
Impudent ſinning, cruelty, diſtruſt;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and ſcorn,
Here's damned oaths, that cauſe the land to mourn;
And here's oppreſſion, marks of future bane,
And here's hypocriſy, the counterpane.
Here's love of guineas, curſed root of all,
And here's religion turn'd up to the wall:
And could we ſee with Herbert's eagle eyes,
Without checkmate religion weſtward flies.
A moſt ſad ſacrifice was made of late
Of God's poor lambs by Phariſaic hate.
For diſcipline with doctrine ſo to jar,
Was juſt like bringing juſtice to the bar.
Was it the will, or judgment, or commands,
Of the great pilot for to paſs the ſands;
Well may we hope, that our quick-ſighted ſtate
Will take God's grievance into a debate.
Cathedral prieſts long ſince have laid about
Hammer and tongs, to drive religion out.
Her grace and majeſty makes them ſo fraid,
They cry content, and ſo eſpouſe her maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaſte, divine they ſay,
She loves their ſons, that ſing our ſins away.
Could we but count the thouſands every year
Theſe dreams conſume, the muſic is too dear.
When Eli's ſons made luxury their god,
Their widows named their poſthumes Icabod.
They both were ſlain, God's ſacred ark was loſt,
Though they had with it a moſt mighty hoſt.
Well may ingratitude make us all mourn;
Pearls we receive, poor pebbles we return.

Now Seine is ſwallowing Tiber; if the Thames,
By letting in them both pollute her ſtreams;
Or if the ſeers ſhall connive or wink,
Beware the thunderbolt; *Migremus hinc.*
O let me die, and not ſurvive to ſee
Before my death religion's obſequy.
Religion and dear truth will prove at length
The alpha and omega of our ſtrength;
Our Boaz, our Jachin, our Great Britain's glory,
Look'd on by owls as a romantic ſtory.
Our cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
Night's fiery pillar, to direct our way.
Our chariots, ſhips, and horſemen, to withſtand
The fury of our foes by ſea or land.
Our eyes may ſee, as hath been ſeen before,
Religion's foes lie floating on the ſhore:
The head of England's church proud Babels, but
Will faith defend, and peace will Janus ſhut.

Adverſus Impia.
Anno 1670.

Lines intended to be placed under Herbert's Portrait.

BEHOLD an orator, divinely ſage,
The prophet and apoſtle of that age.
View but his Porch and Temple, you ſhall ſee
The body of divine philoſophy.
Examine well the lines of his dead face,
Therein you may diſcern wiſdom and grace.
Now if the ſhell ſo lovely doth appear,
How orient was the pearl impriſon'd here!

On Mr. G. Herbert's Book,

Entituled, the Temple of Sacred Poems,

Sent to a Gentlewoman.

KNOW you faire, on what you looke;
Divineſt Love lies in this booke:
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his ſacrifice.
When your Hands untie theſe ſtrings,
Think you have an Angel by th' wings.
One that gladly will bee nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well-perfumed Prayer.
Theſe white Plumes of his heele lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will ſend you:
To take acquaintance of the *ſpheare*,
And all the ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though *Herbert's* name doe owe
Theſe Devotions, faireſt; know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white Hand, they are mine.

R. Craſhaw, Steps to the Temple 1646.

Lines with Herbert's Poems.

THE *Poet's* now become a *Prieſt*, and layes
His Poem at your feet, expects no *Bayes*
But your *acceptance*; *kind'le* it with your eyes,
And make this *offering* prove a *ſacrifice*.

The Veſtal fire that's in your breaſt, will burn
Up all his droſſe, and make it *Incenſe* turne;
And then your ſmile a ſecond life will give,
Hee'l fear no death, if you but bid him live.
Pardon this bold ambition, 'tis his drift,
To make the *Altar* ſanctifie the *Gift*.
Viſit this *Temple*, at your vacant houres,
Twas *Herberts* Poem once, but now tis *Yours*.

Thomas Forde. Loves Labyrinth 1660.

The Printers to the Reader.*

THE dedication of this work having been made by the author to the Divine Majeſty only, how ſhould we now preſume to intereſt any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much leſs think we it meet to ſeek the recommendation of the Muſes, for that which himſelf was confident to have been inſpired by a diviner breath than flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore ſhall receive it in that naked ſimplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of ſupport or ornament, more than is included in itſelf. We leave it free and unforeſtalled to every man's judgment, and to the benefit that he ſhall find by peruſal. Only for the clearing of ſome paſſages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to ſome few particularities of the condition and diſpoſition of the perſon.

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* Publiſhed with firſt edition, *Cambridge*, 1633.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by induſtry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his Fellowſhip of Trinity College in *Cambridge*, and his Oratorſhip in the Univerſity, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deſerts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himſelf to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, chooſing rather to ſerve at God's Altar, than to ſeek the honour of State employments. As for thoſe inward enforcements to this courſe (for outward there was none,) which many of theſe enſuing verſes bear witneſs of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this reſolution in him. As God had enabled him, ſo he accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this ſervice: Wherein his faithful diſcharge was ſuch, as may make him juſtly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To teſtify his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he uſed in his ordinary ſpeech, when he made mention of the bleſſed name of our Lord and Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt, to add, My Maſter.

Next God, he loved that which God himſelf

hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: ſo as he hath been heard to make ſolemn proteſtation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the diſcipline thereof was ſingularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his family to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his pariſhioners to accompany him daily in the public celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and eſteem to them was ſo little, as no man can more ambitiouſly ſeek, than he did earneſtly endeavour the reſignation of an Eccleſiaſtical dignity, which he was poſſeſſor of. But God permitted not the accompliſhment of this deſire, having ordained him his inſtrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruinated almoſt twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by public collections, was in the end by his own and ſome few others' private free-will-offerings ſucceſſfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an eſpecial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made anſwer, *It is a good work, if it be ſprinkled with the blood of*

Chriſt: otherwiſe than in this reſpect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himſelf with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And theſe are but a few of many that might be ſaid, which we have choſen to premiſe as a glance to ſome parts of the enſuing book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he uſed to conclude all things that might ſeem to tend any way to his own honour,

Leſs than the leaſt of God's mercies.

[NICHOLAS FERRAR.]

THE

POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT

The Temple.

The Dedication.

Lord, my firſt fruits preſent themſelves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And muſt return. Accept of them and me,
And make us ſtrive, who ſhall ſing beſt thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who ſhall make a gain:
Theirs, who ſhall hurt themſelves or me, refrain.

1. The Church Porch.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

THOU, whoſe ſweet youth and early hopes enhance [treaſure,
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a
Hearken unto a Verſer, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleaſure:
A verſe may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of luſt; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptiſm waſh'd with his own blood:
It blots the leſſon written in thy ſoul;
The holy lines cannot be underſtood.
How dare thoſe eyes upon a Bible look,
Much leſs towards God, whoſe luſt is all their book!

Wholly abſtain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy luſt hath bounds and ſtays.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and ſo
If rottenneſs have more, let heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been the encloſer: but ſince now
God hath impaled us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himſelf miſplace!
Sure to be croſs he would ſhift feet and face.

Drink not the third glaſs, which thou canſt not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt: and pour the ſhame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken may his mother kill
Big with his ſiſter: he hath loſt the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himſelf: all kind of ill
Did with his liquor ſlide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth diveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe another's wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own? God hath given me a meaſure
Short of his can, and body; muſt I find

A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleaſure?
Stay at the third glaſs: if thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room;
(All in a ſhipwreck ſhift their ſeveral way)
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beaſt in courteſy, but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
Wine above all things doth God's ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſin in wine or wantonneſs,
Boaſt not thereof; nor make thy ſhame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveneſs;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtory:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
With his poor clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuſe.
Luſt and wine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain:
But the cheap ſwearer through his open ſluice
Lets his ſoul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell another's jeſt, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that name,
Which is thy beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapeſt ſins moſt dearly puniſh'd are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy ſoul's fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full ſins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormy working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Fly idleneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Againſt thee; for his light was only lent.
God gave thy ſoul brave wings; put not thoſe feathers
Into a bed, to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magiſtrate? then be ſevere:
If ſtudious; copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: if Soldier,
Chaſe brave employments with a naked ſword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of ſin, but moſt of ſloth!
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breaſt with glory:
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth

Transfuſed a ſheepiſhneſs into thy ſtory:
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſs, and in the paſture loſt.

This loſs ſprings chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their ſon:
Some mark a partridge, never their child's faſhion:
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great deſign;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but do not breed
A maſtering mind; ſo both are loſt thereby:
Or elſe they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he, that needs five thouſand pound to live
Is full as poor as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy ſon rich, is to fill
His mind with reſt, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel thoſe tempeſts, which fly over ditches.
But if thy ſon can make ten pound his meaſure,
Then all thou addeſt may be call'd his treaſure.

When thou doſt purpoſe ought, (within thy power)
Be ſure to do it, though it be but ſmall:
Conſtancy knits the bones, and makes us ſtour
When wanton pleaſures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himſelf:
What nature made a ſhip, he makes a ſhelf.

Do all things like a man, not ſneakingly:
Think the king ſees thee ſtill; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay-hypocriſy:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, ſets himſelf to taſk:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould wear a maſk.

Look to thy mouth: diſeaſes enter there.
Thou haſt two ſconces, if thy ſtomach call;
Carve, or diſcourſe; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
And ſay withal, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
Thou liveſt by rule. What doth not ſo but man?
Houſes are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the truſty ſun, if that you can,
From his Ecliptic line; beckon the ſky.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a ſhop of rules, a well-truſſ'd pack,
Whoſe every parcel underwrites a law.
Loſe not thyſelf, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thyſelf: ſee what thy ſoul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy cheſt; for 'tis thine own:

And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt till he good fellows find,
He breaks up houſe, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was ſcraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and uſe it: elſe, it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely uſe alone
Makes money not a contemptible ſtone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow ſhort, and leſſens ſtill his ſtake,
As the day leſſens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving ſtill miſdoubt ſome evil;
Leſt gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things elſe. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayſt ſafely touch; but if it ſtick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What ſkills it, if a bag of ſtones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raiſe thy head;
Take ſtars for money; ſtars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchaſed.
None is ſo waſteful as the ſcraping dame:
She loſeth three for one; her ſoul, reſt, fame.

By no means run in debt: take thine own meaſure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleaſure,
A kind of thing that's for itſelf too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And ſpares himſelf, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes ſeek, when worth and ſervice fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty veſſels under ſail.
Old courtiers know this; therefore ſet out ſo,
As all the day thou mayſt hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handſomeneſs doth bear the bell.
Wiſdom's a trimmer thing, than ſhop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my diſcretion will be brave.
Much curiouſneſs is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but ſport. Who plays for more,
Than he can loſe with pleaſure, ſtakes his heart:
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom ſhe hath bore:
Servants and churches alſo play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth paſs, [glaſs.
Finds his crack'd name at length in the Church-

If yet thou love game at ſo dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gameſters dearly coſt:
Doſt loſe? riſe up: doſt win? riſe in that ſtate.

Who ſtrive to ſit out loſing hands, are loſt.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houſes with their whole increaſe.

In Converſation boldneſs now bears ſway.
But know, that nothing can ſo fooliſh be,
As empty boldneſs: therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get ſubſtantial worth:
Boldneſs gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſour?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp wife, a ſervant that will lour.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thyſelf in chief. He life's war knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be poſed,
'Tis a thin web, which poiſonous fancies make;
But the great ſoldier's honour was compoſed
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdom picks friends; civility plays the reſt.
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs leaſt:
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Leſs at thine own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport, abuſes: for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſs, filthineſs, abuſiveneſs.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which coarſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſs.
All things are big with jeſt: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer:
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the cities.
The giggler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fired beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſs:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in ſervice, care, or coldneſs

Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his ſins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatneſs: for thou makeſt thereby
Thyſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet ſuch jealouſy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſion's ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſs is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour for the perſon's ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the beaſt, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapeſtry.

Thy friend put in thy boſom: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his ſacrifice;
Thy drops of blood muſt pay down all his fear;
But love is loſt; the way of friendſhip's gone;
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt* his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a father.
Love is a perſonal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends ſhould die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to nature's ends;
And are her ſureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakneſs ſcore.

In thy Diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe:
All ſuch is courteous, uſeful, new, or witty:
Uſefulneſs comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſy grows in court; news in the city.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the card;
That ſuits him beſt, of whom thy ſpeech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thyſelf and him a pleaſure:
(But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
Rather than ſhow his cards) ſteal from his treaſure
What to aſk further. Doubts well-raiſed do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

If thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but huſband it,
And give men turns of ſpeech: do not foreſtall
By laviſhneſs thine own, and other's wit,
As if thou madeſt thy will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceneſs makes
Error a fault, and truth diſcourteſy.
Why ſhould I feel another man's miſtakes

More, than his ſickneſſes or poverty?
In love I ſhould: but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmneſs is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.

Mark what another ſays: for many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſs a troth.

Be uſeful where thou liveſt, that they may
Both want, and wiſh thy pleaſing preſence ſtill.
Kindneſs, good parts, great places are the way
To compaſs this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go leſs
To the one joy of doing kindneſſes.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So ſhalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in ſpirit: who aimeth at the ſky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleneſs
Cures both a fever and lethargicneſs.

Let thy mind ſtill be bent, ſtill plotting where,
And when, and how the buſineſs may be done.
Slackneſs breeds worms; but the ſure traveller,
Though he alight ſometimes, ſtill goeth on.
Active and ſtirring ſpirits live alone:
Write on the others, *Here lies ſuch a one.*

Slight not the ſmalleſt loſs, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the ſun in every corner: ſee
Whether thy ſtock of credit ſwell, or fall.
Who ſay, *I care not*, thoſe I give for loſt;
And to inſtruct them, 'twill not quit the coſt.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a preſent for a mighty king,)
Much leſs make any one thine enemy.
As guns deſtroy, ſo may a little ſling.
The cunning workman never doth refuſe
The meaneſt tool, that he may chance to uſe.

All foreign wiſdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiſs:
A good digeſtion turneth all to health:
And then as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all ſcores; none are ſo clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but ſcorn their ill:
Embrace their activeneſs, not vanities.

Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou obſerveſt ſtrangers in each fit,
In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlineſs,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomeneſs
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt hour.
Let thy mind's ſweetneſs have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
Think heaven a better bargain, than to give
Only thy ſingle market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all ſomething; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Chriſt's ſtamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much given to God;* thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
Sundays obſerve: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' muſic; therefore come not late.
God then deals bleſſings: If a King did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow?

Twice on the day his due is underſtood;
For all the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Becauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
Thwart not the Almighty God: O be not croſs.
Faſt when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not loſs.

Though private prayer be a brave deſign,
Yet public hath more promiſes, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a ſign.
We all are but cold ſuitors; let us move
Where it is warmeſt. Leave thy ſix and ſeven;
Pray with the moſt: for where moſt pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there, than thou: for thou art there
Only by his permiſſion. Then beware,
And make thyſelf all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er ſpoil'd ſilk ſtocking: quit thy ſtate.
All equal are within the Church's gate.

Reſort to Sermons, but to Prayers moſt:
Praying's the end of Preaching. O be dreſt;
Stay not for the other pin: why thou haſt loſt
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jeſt
Away thy bleſſings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being faſt, but thy ſoul looſe about thee.

In time of ſervice ſeal up both thine eyes,
And ſend them to thy heart; that ſpying ſin,
They may weep out the ſtains by them did riſe:

Thoſe doors being ſhut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' ſymmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or buſy thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purged his temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiveſt him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.
The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: if all want ſenſe,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.
He that by being at Church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With ſaints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine.

Jeſt not at Preachers' language, or expreſſion:
How know'ſt thou, but thy ſins made him miſcarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him, whatſoe'er he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None ſhall in hell ſuch bitter pangs endure
As thoſe, who mock at God's way of ſalvation.
Whom oil and balſams kill, what ſalve can cure?
They drink with greedineſs a full damnation.
The Jews refuſed thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Sum up at night what thou haſt done by day;
And in the morning, what thou haſt to do.
Dreſs and undreſs thy ſoul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both, ſince we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Defer not the leaſt virtue: life's poor ſpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

2. Superliminare.

THOU, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thyſelf in Church; approach, and taſte
The Church's myſtical repaſt.

Avoid profaneneſs; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groaneth to be ſo,
May at his peril further go.

3. The Altar.

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, thy ſervant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears:
Whoſe parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the ſame.
A HEART alone
Is ſuch a ſtone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praiſe thy name:
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
Theſe ſtones to praiſe thee may not ceaſe.
O let thy bleſſed SACRIFICE be mine,
And ſanctify this ALTAR to be thine.

4. The Sacrifice.

OH *all ye, who paſs by,* whoſe eyes and mind
To worldly things are ſharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Againſt their Maker: they do wiſh me dead,
Who cannot wiſh, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian ſlave.
They uſe that power againſt me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apoſtle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To ſell me alſo, and to put me there:
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirty pence he did my death deviſe,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half ſo ſweet as my ſweet ſacrifice:
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my ſoul melts, and my heart's dear treaſure
Drops blood (the only beads) my words to meaſure:
O let this cup paſs, if it be thy pleaſure:
Was ever grief like mine?

Theſe drops being temper'd with a ſinner's tears,
A Balſam are for both the Hemiſpheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Diſciples ſleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowſy brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine ſtain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Ariſe, ariſe, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haſte they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they ſeek the ſun!
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and ſtaves they ſeek me, as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Moſt true to thoſe who are my greateſt grief:
Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, doſt thou betray me with a kiſs?
Canſt thou find hell about my lips? and miſs
Of life, juſt at the gates of life and bliſs?
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury; yet at their commands
I ſuffer binding, who have looſed their bands:
Was ever grief like mine?

All my Diſciples fly; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the ſtar,
That brought the wiſe men of the Eaſt from far:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound
They lead me: urging, that it was not found
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Prieſts and Rulers all falſe witneſs ſeek
'Gainſt him, who ſeeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paſchal Lamb of this great week:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuſe me of great blaſphemy,
That I did thruſt into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery:
Was ever grief like mine?

Some ſaid, that I the Temple to the floor
In three days razed, and raiſed as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemn me all with that ſame breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my firſt breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod:* he
Sends me to *Pilate.* This makes them agree;
But yet their friendſhip is my enmity.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod and all his bands do ſet me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of hoſts and might.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod in judgment ſits, while I do ſtand;
Examines me with a cenſorious hand:
I him obey, who all things elſe command:
Was ever grief like mine?

The *Jews* accuſe me with deſpitefulneſs;
And vying malice with my gentleneſs,
Pick quarrels with their only happineſs:
Was ever grief like mine?

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My ſilence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my boſom fly,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they cry aloud ſtill, *Crucify:*
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live leſs than eternally:
Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate, a ſtranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away*, *away*,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and cry, and ſtop their ears,
Putting my life among their ſins and fears,
And therefore wiſh *my blood on them and theirs.*
Was ever grief like mine?

See how ſpite cankers things. Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſh'd, are the world's light:
But honey is their gall, brightneſs their night:
Was ever grief like mine?

They chooſe a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a courteſy;
For it was their own cauſe who killed me:
Was ever grief like mine?

And a ſeditious murderer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth paſs
All underſtanding, more than heaven doth glaſs:
Was ever grief like mine?

Why, *Cæſar* is their only King, not I:
He clave the ſtony rock, when they were dry;
But ſurely not their hearts, as I well try:
Was ever grief like mine?

Ah, how they ſcourge me! yet my tenderneſs
Doubles each laſh: and yet their bitterneſs
Winds up my grief to a myſteriouſneſs:
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the earth and Heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet, whom I would puniſh, miſſ'd:
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornful wiſe;
Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindneſs to mine enemies:
Was ever grief like mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Moſes'* face was veiled, ſo is mine,
Leſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine:
Was ever grief like mine?

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now propheſy who ſtrikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themſelves all pity:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for ſo with utmoſt breath,
That he before me well-nigh ſuffereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, dear friends, ſince I for both have wept,
When all my tears were blood, the while you ſlept:
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept:
Was ever grief like mine?

The ſoldiers led me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuſe me all:
Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me array;
Which ſhews my blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For theſe are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and water'd there:
Was ever grief like mine?

So ſits the earth's great curſe in *Adam's* fall
Upon my head; ſo I remove it all
From the earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my head, the rock from whence all ſtore
Of heavenly bleſſings iſſue evermore:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail, king:*
Whatever ſcoffs or ſcornfulneſs can bring,
I am the floor, the ſink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet ſince man's ſceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like mine?

The ſoldiers alſo ſpit upon that face
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And Prophets, once to ſee, but found no place:
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucify him*, cry with one ſtrong ſhout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief like mine?

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again.
Whom devils fly, thus is he toſſ'd of men:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of ſport, glad to engroſs
All ſpite in one, counting my life their loſs,
They carry me to my moſt bitter croſs:
Was ever grief like mine?

My croſs I bear myſelf, until I faint:
Then *Simon* bears it for me by conſtraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint:
Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who paſs by, behold and ſee:
Man ſtole the fruit, but I muſt climb the tree;
The tree of life to all, but only me:
Was ever grief like mine?

Lo, here I hang, charged with a world of ſin,
The greater world o' the two; for that came in
By words, but this by ſorrow I muſt win:
Was ever grief like mine?

Such ſorrow, as if ſinful man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not ceaſe to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all ſteel.
Was ever grief like mine?

But, *O my God, my God!* why leaveſt thou me,
The Son, in whom thou doſt delight to be?
My God, my God ————
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my ſoul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but ſharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound:
Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thyſelf, Phyſician; now come down.
Alas! I did ſo, when I left my crown
And father's ſmile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not myſelf, there doth conſiſt
All that ſalvation, which ye now reſiſt;
Your ſafety in my ſickneſs doth ſubſiſt:
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I ſpend my utmoſt breath,
As he that for ſome robbery ſuffereth.
Alas! what have I ſtolen from you? death:
Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefix'd on high;
Yet by my ſubjects I'm condemn'd to die
A ſervile death in ſervile company:
Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels' food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like mine?

They part my garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My coat, the type of love, which once cured thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes:
Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go;
For they will pierce my ſide, I full well know;
That as ſin came, ſo Sacraments might flow:
Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finiſh'd.
My woe, man's weal: and now I bow my head:
Only let others ſay, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

5. The Thankſgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title ſtrange, yet true,
To thee of all Kings only due)
Oh King of wounds! how ſhall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventeſt me?
Shall I weep blood? why, thou haſt wept ſuch ſtore,
That all thy body was one door.
Shall I be ſcourged, flouted, boxed, ſold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why doſt thou part from me?
Was ſuch a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then ſing, ſkipping, thy doleful ſtory,
And ſide with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy ſtrokes be my ſtroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my poſy? croſs, my bower?
But how then ſhall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who ſhall victorious prove.
If thou doſt give me wealth; I will reſtore
All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou doſt give me honour; men ſhall ſee,
The honour doth belong to thee.

I will not marry; or, if ſhe be mine,
She and her children ſhall be thine.
My boſom-friend, if he blaſpheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the reſt I give
Unto ſome Chapel, die or live.
As for thy paſſion—But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predeſtination, I'll contrive,
That three years hence, if I ſurvive,
I'll build a ſpital, or mend common ways,
But mend my own without delays.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I uſed them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive, that I am here.
My muſic ſhall find thee, and every ſtring
Shall have his attribute to ſing;
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou ſhalt give me wit, it ſhall appear,
If thou haſt given it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
Oh my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy paſſion—I will do for that—
Alas, my God, I know not what.

6. The Repriſal.

I HAVE conſider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty paſſion:
For though I die for thee, I am behind;
My ſins deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſentangled ſtate and free;
And yet thy wounds ſtill my attempts defy,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal glory didſt outgo me?
Couldſt thou not grief's ſad conqueſts me allow,
But in all victories overthrow me?

Yet by confeſſion will I come
Into the conqueſt. Though I can do nought
Againſt thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once againſt thee fought.

7. The Agony.

PHILOSOPHERS have meaſured mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of ſeas, of ſtates, and kings,
Walk'd with a ſtaff to heaven, and traced fountains:
But there are two vaſt, ſpacious things,

The which to meaſure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that ſound them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there ſhall he ſee
A man, ſo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His ſkin, his garments bloody be.
Sin is that Preſs and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him aſſay,
And taſte that juice, which on the croſs a pike
Did ſet abroach; then let him ſay
If ever he did taſte the like.
Love is that liquor ſweet and moſt divine,
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine.

8. The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſured in my memory!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.
I find there quarries of piled vanities,
But ſhreds of holineſs, that dare not venture
To ſhow their face, ſince croſs to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heaven the centre.
In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart

Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, reſtore thy image, hear my call:
And though my hard heart ſcarce to thee can groan,
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone.

9. Good Friday.

MY chief good,
How ſhall I meaſure out thy blood?
How ſhall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtar ſhow'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or ſhall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, ſcore a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be ſign
Of the true vine?

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy diſtreſs through all may run,
And be my ſun.

Or rather let
My ſeveral ſins their ſorrows get;

That, as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each ſin may ſo.

SINCE blood is fitteſt, Lord, to write
Thy ſorrows in, and bloody fight;
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and ſin:

That when ſin ſpies ſo many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sin may ſay,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;
Leſt ſin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

10. Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,
And make a ſuit unto him, to afford
A new ſmall-rented leaſe, and cancel the old.

In Heaven at his manor I him ſought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About ſome land, which he had dearly bought
Long ſince on earth, to take poſſeſſion.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth
Of thieves and murderers: there I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, *Your ſuit is granted,* ſaid, and died.

11. Sepulchre.

BLESSED Body! whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore;
For they can lodge tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit.
Whatever ſin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to brain thee,
And miſſing this, moſt falſely did arraign thee;
Only theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old, the Law by heavenly art
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold thee.

12. Eaſter.

RISE heart; thy Lord is riſen. Sing his praiſe
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewiſe
With him mayſt riſe:
That, as his death calcined thee to duſt,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Juſt.

Awake, my lute, and ſtruggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The croſs taught all wood to reſound his name
Who bore the ſame.
His ſtretched ſinews taught all ſtrings, what key
Is beſt to celebrate this moſt high day.

Conſort both heart and lute, and twiſt a ſong
Pleaſant and long:
Or ſince all muſic is but three parts vied,

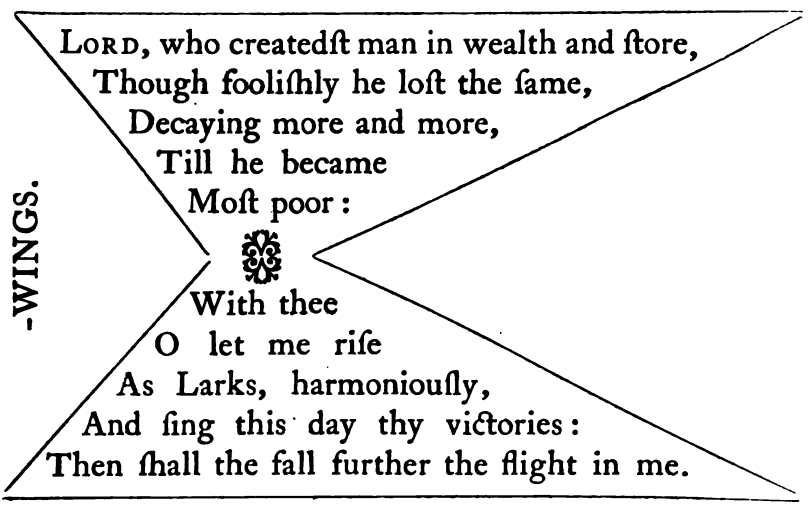
And multiplied;
O let thy bleſſed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his ſweet art.

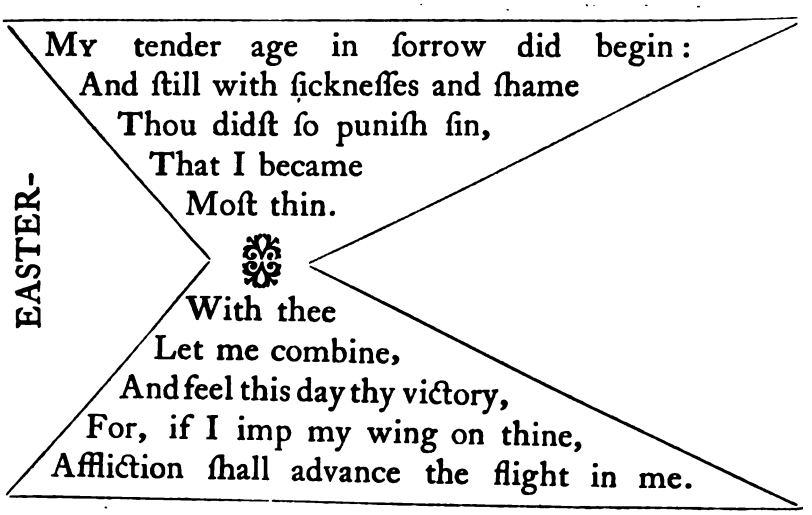
I GOT me flowers to ſtrew thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou waſt up by break of day,
And brought'ſt thy ſweets along with thee.

The Sun ariſing in the Eaſt,
Though he give light, and the Eaſt perfume;
If they ſhould offer to conteſt
With thy ariſing, they preſume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many ſuns to ſhine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miſs:
There is but one, and that one ever.

13.


-WINGS.
Lord, who createdſt man in wealth and ſtore,
Though fooliſhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poor:
With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this day thy victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.


EASTER-
My tender age in ſorrow did begin:
And ſtill with ſickneſſes and ſhame
Thou didſt ſo puniſh ſin,
That I became
Moſt thin.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the flight in me.

14. Holy Baptiſm.

AS he that ſees a dark and ſhady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the ſky;
So when I view my ſins, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water fly,

Which is above the heavens, whoſe ſpring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſins from growing thick and wide,

Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaſter equal to the crime:
You taught the book of life my name, that ſo,

Whatever future ſins ſhould me miſcall,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

15. Holy Baptiſm.

SINCE, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my infancy
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to myſelf, to others mild,
Behither ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh get on; yet let her ſiſter
My ſoul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.

16. Nature.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou haſt ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy higheſt art
To captivate ſtrong holds to thee.

If thou ſhalt let this venom lurk,
And in ſuggeſtions fume and work,
My ſoul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kind
Vaniſh into a wind,
Making thy workmanſhip deceit.

O ſmooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy reverend law and fear;

Or make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſs grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
To hide my duſt, than thee to hold.

17. Sin.

LORD, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us: then ſchoolmaſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſend us bound
To rules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,

Pulpits and ſundays, ſorrow dogging ſin,
Afflictions ſorted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurpriſes,

Bleſſings beforehand, ties of gratefulneſs,
The ſound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our ſhame; within, our conſciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all theſe fences and their whole array
One cunning boſom-ſin blows quite away.

18. Affliction.

WHEN firſt thou didſt entice to thee my heart,
I thought the ſervice brave:
So many joys I writ down for my part,
Beſides what I might have
Out of my ſtock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture ſo fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious houſehold-ſtuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such ſtars I counted mine: both heaven and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleaſures could I want, whoſe King I ſerved,
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reſerved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my ſudden ſoul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceneſs ſeek thy face:

At firſt thou gaveſt me milk and ſweetneſſes;
I had my wiſh and way:
My days were ſtrew'd with flowers and happineſs;
There was no month but May.
But with my years ſorrow did twiſt and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My fleſh began unto my ſoul in pain,
Sickneſſes clave my bones,
Conſuming agues dwell in every vein,
And tune my breath to groans:
Sorrow was all my ſoul; I ſcarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'ſt away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was loſt; a blunted knife
Was of more uſe than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with every ſtorm and wind.

Whereas my birth and ſpirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didſt betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of ſtrife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the ſiege to raiſe,
Not ſimpering all mine age,
Thou often didſt with Academic praiſe
Melt and diſſolve my rage.
I took thy ſweeten'd pill, till I came near;
I could not go away, nor perſevere.

Yet leſt perchance I ſhould too happy be
In my unhappineſs,
Turning my purge to food, thou throweſt me

Into more ſickneſſes.
Thus doth thy power croſs-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will ſhow:
I read, and ſigh, and wiſh I were a tree;
For ſure then I ſhould grow
To fruit or ſhade: at leaſt ſome bird would truſt
Her houſehold to me, and I ſhould be juſt.

Yet, though thou troubleſt me, I muſt be meek;
In weakneſs muſt be ſtout,
Well, I will change the ſervice, and go ſeek
Some other Maſter out.
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

19. Repentance.

LORD, I confeſs my ſin is great;
Great is my ſin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flower, thy momentary bloom;
Whoſe life ſtill preſſing
Is one undreſſing,
A ſteady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three;
Each day doth round about us ſee.

Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To ſorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compaſſionate ſhort-breathed men,
Cut me not off for my moſt foul tranſgreſſion:
I do confeſs
My fooliſhneſs;
My God, accept of my confeſſion.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſin rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan:
Bitterneſs fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt ſin and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his praiſes
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cured make us more ſtrong.

20. Faith.

LORD, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſin, as when man's ſight was dim,
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe,
And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cured ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to heaven well near.

I owed thouſands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly; my creditor
Believes ſo too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the ſacred ſtory:
And when ſin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith ſets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?

Faith puts me there with him, who ſweetly took
Our fleſh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliſs had lien in art or ſtrength,
None but the wiſe and ſtrong had gain'd it:
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length;
One ſize doth all conditions fit.

A peaſant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the higheſt ſtature.
Thus doſt thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didſt make the ſun,
Impute a luſtre, and allow them bright:
And in this ſhew, what Chriſt hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean
With buſhy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vaniſh'd away, when Faith did change the ſcene:
And then appear'd a glorious ſky.

What though my body run to duſt?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and moſt particular truſt,
Reſerving all for fleſh again.

21. Prayer.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The ſoul in paraphraſe, heart in pilgrimage,
The Chriſtian plummet ſounding heaven and earth;

Engine againſt the Almighty, ſinner's tower,
Reverſed thunder, Chriſt-ſide-piercing ſpear,
The ſix days' world-tranſpoſing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softneſs, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliſs,
Exalted Manna, gladneſs of the beſt,
Heaven in ordinary, man well dreſt,
The Milky Way, the bird of Paradiſe,

Church-bells beyond the ſtars heard, the ſoul's blood,
The land of ſpices, ſomething underſtood.

22. Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me waſt ſold,
To me doſt now thyſelf convey;

For ſo thou ſhouldſt without me ſtill have been,
Leaving within me ſin:

But by the way of nouriſhment and ſtrength,
Thou creep'ſt into my breaſt;
Making thy way my reſt,
And thy ſmall quantities my length;
Which ſpread their forces into every part,
Meeting ſin's force and art.

Yet can theſe not get over to my ſoul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our ſouls and fleſhly hearts;
But as the out-works, they may control
My rebel-fleſh, and, carrying thy name,
Affright both ſin and ſhame.

Only thy grace, which with theſe elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the ſoul's moſt ſubtile rooms:
While thoſe to ſpirits refined, at door attend
Deſpatches from their friend.

GIVE me my captive ſoul, or take
My body alſo thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that ſin turn'd fleſh to ſtone,
And all our lump to leaven;

A fervent ſigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For ſure when Adam did not know
To ſin, or ſin to ſmother;
He might to heaven from Paradiſe go,
As from one room to another.

Thou haſt reſtored us to this eaſe
By this thy heavenly blood,
Which I can go to, when I pleaſe,
And leave the earth to their food.

23. Antiphon.

Cho. ET all the world in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
His praiſe may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with pſalms muſt ſhout,
No door can keep them out:

But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

24. Love.

1.

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiſeth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou ſtanding by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who ſings thy praiſe? only a ſcarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

2.

IMMORTAL Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it: let thoſe fires
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way.
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our brain
All her inventions on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymns ſend back thy fire again:

Our eyes ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were blind:
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who wert diſſeized by uſurping luſt:

All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our eyes.

25. The Temper.

HOW ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould
my rhymes
Gladly engrave thy love in ſteel,
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Although there were ſome forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a ſcore,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to ſuch a vaſt extent;
Thoſe diſtances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou doſt ſtretch
A crumb of duſt from heaven to hell?
Will great God meaſure with a wretch?
Shall he thy ſtature ſpell?

O let me, when thy roof my ſoul hath hid,
O let me rooſt and neſtle there:
Then of a ſinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for ſure thy way is beſt:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breaſt,
To make the muſic better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with duſt,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and truſt,
Make one place every where.

26. The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
Which juſt now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou muſt needs uſe thy dart,
Save that, and me; or ſin for both deſtroy.

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raze,
And every day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven move;
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſty in me.

27. Jordan.

WHO ſays that fictions only and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?
May no lines paſs, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbours ſhadow coarſe-ſpun lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lover's loves?
Muſt all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt people; let them ſing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no man's nightingale or ſpring;
Nor let them puniſh me with loſs of rhyme,
Who plainly ſay, *My God, my King.*

28. Employment.

IF as a flower doth ſpread and die,
Thou wouldſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſt's extremity
Nipt in the bud;

The ſweetneſs and the praiſe were thine;
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glory be.
The meaſure of our joys is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are buſy; only I
Neither bring honey with the Bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the huſbandry
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord, place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poor need.

29. The Holy Scriptures.

I.

O H Book! infinite ſweetneſs! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breaſt, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a maſs
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glaſs,

That mends the looker's eyes: this is the well
That waſhes what it ſhows. Who can endear

Thy praiſe too much? thou art Heaven's Lieger
here,
Working againſt the ſtates of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handſel: heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

2.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verſe doth ſhine,
But all the conſtellations of the ſtory.

This verſe marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as diſperſed herbs do watch a potion,
Theſe three make up ſome Chriſtian's deſtiny.

Such are thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in every thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me underſtood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miſs:
This book of ſtars lights to eternal bliſs.

30. Whitſunday.

LISTEN, ſweet Dove, unto my ſong,
And ſpread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart ſo long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once deſcended
On thy Apoſtles? thou didſt then
Keep open houſe, richly attended,
Feaſting all comers by twelve choſen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That the earth did like a heaven appear:
The ſtars were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The Sun, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſh'd for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of thoſe who did themſelves thro' their ſide wound;

Thou ſhutt'ſt the door, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conquering ſin
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light:
Reſtore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

31. Grace.

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull huſbandry improve:
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above!

If ſtill the Sun ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall;
And ſhall the dew outſtrip thy Dove?
The dew, for which graſs cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sin is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſs, void of love:
Let ſuppling grace, to croſs his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou doſt know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not ſay—
Drop from above.

32. Praiſe.

TO write a verſe or two, is all the praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any ways,
Thou ſhalt have more

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or, if I mount unto the ſky,
I will do more.

Man is all weakneſs; there is no ſuch thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort; yet with a ſling
He may do more.

A herb diſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the ſame floor,
To a brave ſoul: Exalt the poor,
They can do more.

O raiſe me then! Poor bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

33. Affliction.

KILL me not every day,
Thou Lord of life; ſince thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methuſalem's ſtay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compared to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloody ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſs took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future moan.

34. Matins.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,

Or ſtar, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye, and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?

Indeed, man's whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a Sunbeam I will climb to thee.

35. Sin.

O THAT I could a ſin once ſee
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath ſome good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat oppoſite to the Almighty, ſeeing
It wants the good of *virtue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us ſad,
By ſight of ſin we ſhould grow mad.
Yet as in ſleep we ſee foul death, and live;
So devils are our ſins in proſpective.

36. Even-Song.

BLEST be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be buſy, and to play.
But much more bleſt be God above,

Who gave me ſight alone,
Which to himſelf he did deny:
For when he ſees my ways, I die:
But I have got his ſon, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I diſcharged the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was foam.

Thy diet, care, and coſt
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to thee whom I have croſt,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſs cloſeſt weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice:*
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day

Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe, which ſhows more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this the harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute 'ſcapes thy breaſt,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I reſt.

37. Church Monuments.

WHILE that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of death's inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt

My body to the ſchool, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and find his birth
Written in duſty heraldry and lines;
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Jet, and Marble put for ſigns,

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſs thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Dear fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtem
And true deſcent; that when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſs, which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below,
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thyſelf againſt thy fall.

38. Church-Muſic.

SWEETEST of ſweets, I thank you: when diſpleaſure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence; and in your houſe of pleaſure
A dainty lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die; for if you poſt from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heaven's door.

39. Church Lock and Key.

I KNOW it is my ſin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands!
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſs of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſins, or coldneſs, but thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for his blood's ſake,
Which pleads for me:
For though ſins plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His blood's ſweet current much more loud to be.

40. The Church-Floor.

MARK you the floor? that ſquare and ſpeckled ſtone,
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience:*

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility:

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence:*

But the ſweet Cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity.*

Hither ſometimes Sin ſteals, and ſtains
The Marble's neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,

Blows all the duſt about the floor:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

41. The Windows.

LORD, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glaſs:
Yet in thy Temple thou doſt him afford
This glorious and tranſcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou doſt anneal in glaſs thy ſtory,
Making thy life to ſhine within
The holy Preachers, then the light and glory
More reverend grows, and more doth win;
Which elſe ſhows wateriſh, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A ſtrong regard and awe: but ſpeech alone
Doth vaniſh like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conſcience ring.

42. Trinity-Sunday.

LORD, who haſt form'd me out of mud,
And haſt redeem'd me through thy blood,
And ſanctified me to do good;

Purge all my ſins done heretofore;
For I confeſs my heavy ſcore,
And I will ſtrive to ſin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity;
That I may run, riſe, reſt with thee.

43. Content.

PEACE, muttering thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breaſt.
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on another's hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at every queſt and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.

To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonneſs in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itſelf alone:
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a crown, and yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſter's gates.

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furniſh'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder:
And after death the fumes that ſpring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is loſt: and yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent,
Than to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not vent.

When all thy deeds, whoſe brunt thou feel'ſt alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digeſtion,
Thy nouriſh'd fame is weak or ſtrong.

Then ceaſe diſcourſing, ſoul, till thine own ground;
Do not thyſelf or friends importune.
He that by ſeeking hath himſelf once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

44. The Quiddity.

MY God, a verſe is not a crown;
No point of honour, or gay ſuit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good ſword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain;*
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great ſtable or domain.

It is no office, art, or news;
Nor the Exchange, or buſy Hall:
But it is that, which while I uſe,
I am with thee, and *Moſt take all.*

45. Humility.

I SAW the Virtues ſitting hand in hand
In ſeveral Ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beaſts and fowls, by their command,
Preſented tokens of ſubmiſſion.

Humility, who ſat the loweſt there
To execute their call,
When by the beaſts the preſents tender'd were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did preſent his paw,
Which by conſent was given to Manſuetude.
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkey brought his coral chain,
That went to Temperance.
On Juſtice was beſtowed the Fox's brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out; which when the beaſts eſpied,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had lived to rule their ſide,
They had depoſed each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep ſo faſt, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then ſaying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Againſt the beaſts: ſo jointly bandying,
They drive them ſoon away;
And then amerced them, double gifts to bring
At the next Seſſion-day.

46. Frailty.

LORD, in my ſilence how do I deſpiſe
What upon truſt
Is ſtyled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is—*fair duſt!*
I ſurname them *gilded clay*,
Dear earth, *fine graſs* or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The world's, and thine;
Thine clad with ſimpleneſs, and ſad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was duſt before, doth quickly riſe,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, leſt if what even now
My foot did tread
Affront thoſe joys, wherewith thou didſt endow,
And long ſince wed
My poor ſoul, e'en ſick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heaven and thee
Planted in me.

47. Conſtancy.

WHO is the honeſt man?
He that doth ſtill and ſtrongly good purſue,
To God, his neighbour, and himſelf moſt true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whoſe honeſty is not
So looſe or eaſy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his ſure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhuns them; but doth calmly ſtay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſum,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and faſhion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and ſtraight.

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe temptations: when the day is done,

His goodneſs ſets not, but in dark can run:
The ſun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, women, thoſe whom paſſions ſway,
Allows for that, and keeps his conſtant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and ſhare, not mend the ill.
This is the Markſman, ſafe and ſure,
Who ſtill is right, and prays to be ſo ſtill.

48. Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou waſt in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſceptre of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly ſigh had broke my heart.

But ſince thy breath gave me both life and ſhape,
Thou know'ſt my tallies; and when there's aſſign'd
So much breath to a ſigh, what's then behind?
Or if ſome years with it eſcape,
The ſigh then only is
A gale to bring me ſooner to my bliſs.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art ſtill
Conſtant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members ſuffer ill.
They who lament one croſs,
Thou dying daily, praiſe thee to thy loſs.

49. The Star.

BRIGHT ſpark, ſhot from a brighter place,
Where beams ſurround my Saviour's face,
Canſt thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canſt make a debtor,
And make it better.

Firſt with thy fire-work burn to duſt
Folly, and worſe than folly, luſt:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it ſhine.

So diſengaged from ſin and ſickneſs,
Touch it with thy celeſtial quickneſs,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didſt bow.

Get me a ſtanding there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who died to part
Sin and my heart:

That ſo among the reſt I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their faſhion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-ſtreams.

50. Sunday.

O DAY moſt calm, moſt bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorſement of ſupreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy Torch doth ſhow the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whoſe face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to ſtoop and bow,
Till thy releaſe appear.

Man had ſtraight forward gone
To endleſs death; but thou doſt pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chooſe but look on ſtill;
Since there is no place ſo alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the ſpare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's ſtring,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate ſtands ope;
Bleſſings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour roſe,
And did encloſe this light for his:
That, as each beaſt his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miſs.
Chriſt hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for thoſe
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Reſt of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the ſame ſhake, which at his paſſion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samſon bore the doors away,
Chriſt's hands, though nail'd, wrought our ſalvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightneſs of that day
We ſullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we caſt away,
Having a new at his expenſe,
Whoſe drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradiſe.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from ſeven to ſeven,
Till that we both, being toſſ'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

51. Avarice.

MONEY, thou bane of bliſs, and ſource of woe,
Whence comeſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou waſt deſtitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp and ſeal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but droſs to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

52. Ana-{Mary / Army}gram.

HOW well her name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of Hoſts* did pitch his tent!

53. To all Angels and Saints.

H glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown,
Or ſtrict commands;
Where every one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not out of envy or maliciouſneſs
Do I forbear to crave your ſpecial aid.
I would addreſs
My vows to thee moſt gladly, bleſſed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my diſtreſs:

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great reſtorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my ſoul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praiſe,
Bids no ſuch thing:
And where his pleaſure no injunction lays,
('Tis your own caſe) ye never move a wing.

All worſhip is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the laſt hour:

Therefore we dare not from his garland ſteal,
To make a poſy for inferior power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we ſhall not fare the worſe,
Who do not ſo;
Since we are ever ready to diſburſe,
If any one our Maſter's hand can ſhow.

54. Employment.

HE that is weary, let him ſit.
My ſoul would ſtir
And trade in courteſies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no ſtar, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

When the elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt:
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſs, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The ſun ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the ſtars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
That buſy plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſeth me.

But we are ſtill too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increaſe our cold.

55. Denial.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent ears;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder,

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly aſunder:
Each took his way; ſome would to pleaſure go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where they ſay,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O thou that ſhouldſt give duſt a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my ſoul lay out of ſight,
Untuned, unſtrung:
My feeble ſpirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt bloſſom, hung
Diſcontented.

O cheer and tune my heartleſs breaſt,
Defer no time;
That ſo thy favours granting my requeſt,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

56. Chriſtmas.

ALL after pleaſures as I rid one day,
My horſe and I, both tired, body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite aſtray;
I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, ready there
To be all paſſengers' moſt ſweet relief?

O Thou, whoſe glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in night's mantle, ſtole into a manger;
Since my dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
To Man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger:

Furniſh and deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THE ſhepherds ſing; and ſhall I ſilent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My ſoul's a ſhepherd too: a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The paſture is thy word; the ſtreams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the daylight hours.
Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching, till I find a Sun
Shall ſtay, till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
As froſt-nipt Suns look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams ſhall cheer my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
Till even his beams ſing, and my muſic ſhine.

57. Ungratefulneſs.

LORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
Haſt thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadſt let us run,
Gladly had man adored the Sun,
And thought his god moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods than he.

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full of treaſure,
The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation:*
Thou haſt unlock'd them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thyſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſs denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eyes;
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are pack'd up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this box we know;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerved, and dark to thee;
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

58. Sighs and Groans.

DO not uſe me
After my ſins! look not on my deſert,
But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuſe me: for thou only art
The mighty God, but I a ſilly worm:
O do not bruiſe me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill ſteward make?
I have abuſed thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
Suck'd all thy magazines: my head did ache,
Till it found out how to conſume thy goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deſerved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already duſt:
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou haſt other veſſels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death: ſince he died for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O, reprieve me!
For thou haſt *life* and *death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour, feaſt* and *rod*,
Cordial and *Corroſive:* put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me.

59. The World.

LOVE built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came:
And ſpinning fancies ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *Wiſdom* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balconies, Terraces,*
Till ſhe had weaken'd all by alteration:
But reverend *laws,* and many a *proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin,* and with that Sycamore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſhelter'd man from drought and dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward walls and ſummers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhored theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combined with *Death* in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand;
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

60. Coloſſ. iii. 3.

MOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

MY words and thoughts do both expreſs this notion,
That *LIFE* hath with the ſun a double motion.
The firſt *IS* ſtraight, and our diurnal friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt *IN* fleſh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whoſe happy birth
Taught me to live here ſo, *THAT* ſtill one eye
Should aim and ſhoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily labour all *MY* pleaſure,
To gain at harveſt an eternal *TREASURE*.

61. Vanity.

THE fleet Aſtronomer can bore
And thread the ſpheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their ſtations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had deſign'd
To make a purchaſe there: he ſees their dances,
And knoweth long before,
Both their full-ey'd aſpects, and ſecret glances.

The nimble Diver with his ſide
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch

His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpoſe from the venturous wretch;
That he might ſave his life, and alſo hers,
Who with exceſſive pride
Her own deſtruction and his danger wears.

The ſubtile Chymic can diveſt
And ſtrip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their neſt:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and dreſt
To ordinary ſuitors at the door.

What hath not man ſought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
Emboſoms in us, mellowing the ground
With ſhowers and froſts, with love and awe;
So that we need not ſay, Where's this command?
Poor man! thou ſearcheſt round
To find out *death*, but miſſeſt *life* at hand.

62. Lent.

WELCOME, dear feaſt of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
But is compoſed of paſſion.

The Scriptures bid us *faſt*; the Church ſays, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldſt allow
To every Corporation.

The humble ſoul, compoſed of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines diſagree:
He ſays, In things which uſe hath juſtly got,
I am a ſcandal to the Church, and not
The Church is ſo to me.

True Chriſtians ſhould be glad of an occaſion
To uſe their temperance, ſeeking no evaſion,
When good is ſeaſonable;
Unleſs Authority, which ſhould increaſe
The obligation in us, make it leſs,
And Power itſelf diſable.

Beſides the cleanneſs of ſweet abſtinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a ſmall expenſe,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulneſs there are fluttiſh fumes,
Sour exhalations, and diſhoneſt rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then thoſe ſame pendent profits, which the ſpring
And Eaſter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodneſs of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuſe of Lent
Spoil the good uſe; leſt by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

'Tis true, we cannot reach Chriſt's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to reſt:
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy e'en as he.*
In both let's do our beſt.

Who goeth in the way which Chriſt hath gone,
Is much more ſure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May ſtrengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, inſtruct us to improve our faſt
By ſtarving ſin, and taking ſuch repaſt
As may our faults control:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor,
And among thoſe his ſoul.

63. Virtue.

SWEET Day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The bridal of the earth and ſky,
The dew ſhall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou muſt die.

Sweet Roſe, whoſe hue angry and brave
Bids the raſh gazer wipe his eye,

Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou muſt die.

Sweet Spring, full of ſweet days and roſes,
A box where ſweets compacted lie,
My Muſic ſhows ye have your cloſes,
And all muſt die.

Only a ſweet and virtuous ſoul,
Like ſeaſon'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

64. The Pearl.

MATT. XIII.

I KNOW the ways of Learning; both the head
And Pipes that feed the preſs, and make it run;
What Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of itſelf, like a good houſewife, ſpun
In laws and policy; what the ſtars conſpire,
What willing Nature ſpeaks, what forced by fire;
Both the old diſcoveries, and the new-found ſeas,
The ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtory:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courteſy and wit:

In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory ſwells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, whereſoe'er it goes:
How many drams of ſpirit there muſt be
To ſell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and muſic mean; what love and wit
Have done theſe twenty hundred years, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled ſtore:
My ſtuff is fleſh, not braſs; my ſenſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all theſe, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not ſealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully underſtand
Both the main ſale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumſtances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy ſilk-twiſt let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

65. Affliction.

BROKEN in pieces all aſunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortured in the ſpace
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a caſe of knives,
Wounding my heart
With ſcatter'd ſmart;
As watering-pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my ſoul.

All my attendants are at ſtrife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the taſk of life:
The elements are let looſe to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And alſo thee,
Who art my life: diſſolve the knot,
As the ſun ſcatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then ſhall thoſe powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praiſe and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heaven, and much more, thee.

66. Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a ſtately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What houſe more ſtately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whoſe creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is every thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beaſt, yet is, or ſhould be more:
Reaſon and ſpeech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go up on the ſcore.

Man is all ſymmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world beſides:
Each part may call the fartheſt, brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got ſo far,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes diſmount the higheſt ſtar:
He is in little all the ſphere.
Herbs gladly cure our fleſh, becauſe that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth reſt, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we ſee, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treaſure*:
The whole is, either our cupboard of *food*,
Or cabinet of *pleaſure*.

The ſtars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the Sun withdraws:
Muſic and light attend our head.
All things unto our *fleſh* are kind
In their *deſcent* and *being*; to our *mind*
In their *aſcent* and *cauſe*.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Diſtinguiſhed, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanlineſs. Hath one ſuch beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More Servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When ſickneſs makes him pale and wan.

Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then, afford us ſo much wit,
That, as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.

67. Antiphon.

Chor. QRAISED be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe;

Chor. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in the end.
Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.

Chor. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy praiſes ſhall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore.
Chor. Praiſed be the God alone
Who hath made of two folds one.

68. Unkindneſs.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friend's intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poor,
And thou within them ſtarve at door.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free:
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfil?
O write in braſs, *My God upon a tree*
His blood did ſpill,
Only to purchaſe my good will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe Thee.

69. Life.

I MADE a poſy, while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did ſo ſweetly death's ſad taſte convey,
Making my mind to ſmell my fatal day,
Yet ſugaring the ſuſpicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye lived, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow ſtraight without complaints or grief,
Since if my ſcent be good, I care not if
It be as ſhort as yours.

70. Submiſſion.

BUT that thou art my wiſdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extremely ſtirr'd
For miſſing my deſign.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
Then ſhould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But when I thus diſpute and grieve,
I do reſume my ſight;
And pilfering what I once did give,
Diſſeize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou ſhouldſt me raiſe,
That I ſhould then raiſe thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praiſe
Do not ſo well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I ſtand;
I will no more adviſe:
Only do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou haſt both mine eyes.

71. Juſtice.

I CANNOT ſkill of theſe thy ways:
Lord, thou didſt make me, yet thou woundeſt me:
Lord, thou doſt wound me, yet thou doſt relieve me:
Lord, thou relieveſt, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou doſt kill me, yet thou doſt reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praiſe,
Thy juſtice me moſt fitly pays:
For *I do praiſe thee, yet I praiſe thee not:*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers ſtray:
I would do well, yet ſin the hand hath got:
My ſoul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot ſkill of theſe my ways.

72. Charms and Knots.

WHO read a Chapter when they riſe,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand, hath loſt his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At the head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When the hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if Sermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters heaven doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

73. Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm
As was and is thy floating Ark; whoſe ſtay
And anchor thou art only, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in every age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we lived in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou didſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou wouldſt taſte our miſery.

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels uſed the firſt; if our relief
Take up the ſecond, then thy double line
And ſeveral baits in either kind
Furniſh thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom ſhaking faſtens more,
While bluſtering winds deſtroy the wanton bowers
And ruffle all their curious knots and ſtore.
My God, ſo temper joy and woe,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

74. Mortification.

HOW ſoon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a cheſt of ſweets
To ſwaddle infants, whoſe young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Thoſe clouts are little winding-ſheets,
Which do conſign and ſend them unto death.

When boys go firſt to bed,
They ſtep into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them faſt; only their breath
Makes them not dead.
Succeſſive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for muſic, while his veins do ſwell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That muſic ſummons to the knell,
Which ſhall befriend him at the houſe of death.

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a houſe and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb incloſure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A chair or litter ſhows the bier
Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnity,
And dreſt his hearſe, while he has breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet, Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die
That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

75. Decay.

SWEET were the days, when thou didſt lodge with *Lot*,
Struggle with *Jacob*, ſit with *Gideon*,
Adviſe with *Abraham*, when thy power could not
Encounter *Moſes'* ſtrong complaints and moan:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have ſought and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply;
He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may hear great *Aaron's* bell.

But now thou doſt thyſelf immure and cloſe
In ſome one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and ſtraiten thee, and uſe much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I ſee the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once ſpread, as in an urn
Doth cloſet up itſelf, and ſtill retreat,
Cold ſin ſtill forcing it, till it return
And calling Juſtice, all things burn.

76. Miſery.

LORD, let the Angels praiſe thy name.
Man is a fooliſh thing, a fooliſh thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His houſe ſtill burns; and yet he ſtill doth ſing,
Man is but graſs,
He knows it, fill the glaſs.

How canſt thou brook his fooliſhneſs?
Why, he'll not loſe a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his exceſs;
Not he: he knows, where he can better be,
As he will ſwear,
Than to ſerve thee in fear.

What ſtrange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own? as if none knew, but he.
No man ſhall beat into his head
That thou within his curtains drawn canſt ſee:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The beſt of men, turn but thy hand
For one poor minute, ſtumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions ſcann'd,
Nor any ſorrow tell them that they ſin,
Though it be ſmall,
And meaſure not their fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
The bargain made to ſerve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not ſuffering thoſe
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praiſe thy name:
Thou art all brightneſs, perfect purity:
The Sun holds down his head for ſhame,
Dead with eclipſes, when we ſpeak of thee.
How ſhall infection
Preſume on thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And thoſe things moſt, which are moſt pure and fine:
So our clay-hearts, e'en when we crouch
To ſing thy praiſes, make them leſs divine.
Yet either this
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot ſerve thee; let him go
And ſerve the Swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night;
Theſe Preachers make
His head to ſhoot and ache.

Oh fooliſh man! where are thine eyes?
How haſt thou loſt them in a crowd of cares?
Thou pull'ſt the rug, and wilt not riſe,

No, not to purchaſe the whole pack of ſtars:
There let them ſhine,
Thou muſt go ſleep, or dine.

The bird that ſees a dainty bower
Made in the tree, where ſhe was wont to ſit,
Wonders and ſings, but not his power
Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.
But Man doth know
The ſpring whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign:
They make his life a conſtant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.
Ah, wretch! what verſe
Can thy ſtrange ways rehearſe?

Indeed at firſt Man was a treaſure,
A box of jewels, ſhop of rarities,
A ring, whoſe poſy was, *My pleaſure:*
He was a garden in a Paradiſe:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But ſin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of fleſh, without a foot or wing
To raiſe him to the glimpſe of bliſs:
A ſick toſſ'd veſſel, daſhing on each thing;
Nay, his own ſhelf:
My God, I mean myſelf.

77. Jordan.

WHEN firſt my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
Such was their luſtre, they did ſo excel,
That I ſought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the ſenſe, as if it were to ſell.

Thouſands of notions in my brain did run,
Offering their ſervice, if I were not ſped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could ſeem too rich to clothe the Sun,
Much leſs thoſe joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they aſcend;
So did I weave myſelf into the ſenſe.
But while I buſtled, I might hear a friend
Whiſper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a ſweetneſs ready penn'd:
Copy out only that, and ſave expenſe.

78. Prayer.

OF what an eaſy quick acceſs,
My bleſſed Lord, art thou! how ſuddenly
May our requeſts thine ear invade!
To ſhow that ſtate diſlikes not eaſineſs.
If I but lift mine eyes, my ſuit is made:
Thou canſt no more not hear, than thou canſt die.

Of what ſupreme Almighty power
Is thy great arm which ſpans the Eaſt and Weſt,
And tacks the Centre to the Sphere!
By it do all things live their meaſured hour:
We cannot aſk the thing, which is not there,
Blaming the ſhallowneſs of our requeſt.

Of what unmeaſurable love
Art thou poſſeſt, who, when thou couldſt not die,
Wert fain to take our fleſh and curſe,
And for our ſakes in perſon ſin reprove;
That by deſtroying that which tied thy purſe,
Thou mightſt make way for liberality!

Since then theſe three wait on thy throne,
Eaſe, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer ſo,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all ſhould go;
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch loſt, an ell:

79. Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
Convey a Lordſhip any way
Whither the buyer and the ſeller pleaſe;
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To paſs itſelf and all it hath to thee.
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpecial deed.

If that hereafter Pleaſure
Cavil, and claim her part and meaſure,
As if this paſſed with a reſervation,
Or ſome ſuch words in faſhion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treaſure.

O let thy ſacred will
All thy delight in me fulfil!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love ſhall ſway,
Reſigning up the rudder to thy ſkill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou ſhouldſt mind a rotten tree?

Yet ſince thou canſt not chooſe but ſee my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayſt as well my actions guide, as ſee.

Beſides, thy death and blood
Show'd a ſtrange love to all our good:
Thy ſorrows were in earneſt; no faint proffer,
Or ſuperficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withſtood.

Wherefore I all forego:
To one word only I ſay, No:
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *purchaſe* go.

He that will paſs his land,
As I have mine, may ſet his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchaſe ſpread
To both our goods, if he to it will ſtand.

How happy were my part,
If ſome kind man would thruſt his heart
Into theſe lines; till in heaven's court of rolls
They were by winged ſouls
Enter'd for both, far above their deſert!

This poem + all up to the Elixir are in MS. B

80. Conſcience.

PEACE, prattler, do not lour:
Not a fair look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet diſh, but thou doſt call it ſour:
Muſic to thee doth howl.
By liſtening to thy chatting fears
I have both loſt mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I ſay:
My thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſs ſphere.
Harmonious peace muſt rock them all the day:
No room for prattlers there.
If thou perſiſteth, I will tell thee,
That I have phyſic to expel thee.

And the receipt ſhall be
My Saviour's blood: whenever at his board
I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to ſcratch,
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my phyſic, know there's ſome for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a ſtaff or bill
For thoſe that trouble me:
The bloody croſs of my dear Lord
Is both my phyſic and my ſword.

81. Sion.

LORD, with what glory waſt thou ſerved of old,
When *Solomon's* temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold;
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſtical and rare:
All ſhow'd the builders, craved the ſeer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and ſtate,
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that ſow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with ſin;
For all thy frame and fabric is within.

There thou art ſtruggling with a peeviſh heart,
Which ſometimes croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
All *Solomon's* ſea of braſs and world of ſtone
Is not ſo dear to thee as one good groan.

And truly braſs and ſtones are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they ſing:
The note is ſad, yet muſic for a King.

82. Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart
is ſick,
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhow thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didſt waſte?
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

When man was loſt, thy pity look'd about,
To ſee what help in the earth or ſky:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſom lie.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

There lay thy Son: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſs, to remove
Thraldom from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poor apple for thy love?
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptized, and not appear;
As if thy love could fail or change?
O ſhow thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? hence, all ye clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

With one ſmall ſigh thou gaveſt me the other day
I blaſted all the joys about me:
And ſcowling on them as they pined away,
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way ſoe'er I look, I ſee.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſs themſelves and come to thee.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

We talk of harveſts; there are no ſuch things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The laſt and loved, though dreadful day.
O ſhow thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Oh looſe this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free ſoul may uſe her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

What have I left, that I ſhould ſtay and groan?
The moſt of me to heaven is fled:
My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

Come, deareſt Lord, paſs not this holy ſeaſon,
My fleſh and bones and joints do pray:
And e'en my verſe, when by the rhyme and reaſon
The word is, *Stay*, ſays ever, *Come*.
O ſhow thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

83. The Britiſh Church.

JOY, dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright:
Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine aſpect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is beſt:
Outlandiſh looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,
Hath kiſſ'd ſo long her painted ſhrines,
That e'en her face by kiſſing ſhines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is ſo ſhy
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:
While ſhe avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on the other ſide,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those miss)
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.
Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

84. The Quip.

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in Music you had skill:
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allow'd me half an eye:
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an oration.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy deſign
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine,
And then they have their anſwer home.

85. Vanity.

POOR ſilly ſoul, whoſe hope and head lies low;
Whoſe flat delights on earth do creep and grow:
To whom the ſtars ſhine not ſo fair, as eyes;
Nor ſolid work, as falſe embroideries;
Hark and beware, leſt what you now do meaſure,
And write for ſweet, prove a moſt ſour diſpleaſure.

O hear betimes, leſt thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchaſe heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.
If ſouls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly:

For they can never be at reſt,
Till they regain their ancient neſt.
Then ſilly ſoul, take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

86. The Dawning.

AWAKE ſad heart, whom ſorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou doſt ſtill lament, and pine, and cry;
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Ariſe ſad heart; if thou doſt not withſtand,
Chriſt's reſurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which, as it riſeth, raiſeth thee:
Ariſe, ariſe;
And with his burial linen dry thine eyes.
Chriſt left his grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears, or blood, not want a handkerchief.

87. Jeſu.

JESU is in my heart, his ſacred name
Is deeply carved there: but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
E'en all to pieces; which I went to ſeek:
And firſt I found the corner where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
When I had got theſe parcels, inſtantly
I ſat me down to ſpell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I eaſe you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

88. Buſineſs.

CANST be idle? canſt thou play,
Fooliſh ſoul who ſinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and ſprings each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Haſt thou tears, or haſt thou none?

If, poor ſoul, thou haſt no tears,
Would thou hadſt no faults or fears!
Who hath theſe, thoſe ills forbears.

Winds ſtill work: it is their plot,
Be the ſeaſon cold, or hot:
Haſt thou ſighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no ſighs or groans,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, Who died for thee?

Who did leave his Father's throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not lived for thee,
Thou hadſt died moſt wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He ſo far thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not died for thee,
Thou hadſt lived in miſery.
Two lives worſe than ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſins and Saviour's death?

He that loſeth Gold, though droſs,
Tells to all he meets, his croſs:
He that ſins, hath he no loſs?

He that finds a ſilver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither ſin nor Saviour feels.

89. Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly ſhould I then control
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (Child), is the balance thine?
Thine the poiſe and meaſure?
If I ſay thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only he,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee,
That transferr'd the accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to this favour:

So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my ſavour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſign:
Sin diſclaims and I reſign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay my creature would
Follow my reſigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and deſert,
Left all joys to feel all ſmart ——
Ah! no more: thou break'ſt my heart.

90. Dulneſs.

WHY do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſs, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brimful!

The wanton lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o'er again:

Thou art my lovelineſs, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:

Thy bloody death and undeſerved, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt, where thou doſt tread and go
Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-Songs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and e'en wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugar'd lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look only; for to *love* thee, who can be,
What angel, fit?

91. Love-Joy.

AS on a window late I caſt mine eye,
I ſaw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One ſtanding by
Aſk'd what it meant. I (who am never loth

To ſpend my judgment) ſaid, it ſeem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not miſſ'd,
The man replied; It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

92. Providence.

SACRED Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and ſweetly moveſt! ſhall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? ſhall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in ſea and land,
Only to Man thou haſt made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praiſe.

Beaſts fain would ſing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high Prieſt: he doth preſent
The ſacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the ſervice mutter an aſſent,
Such as ſprings uſe that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praiſe and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himſelf alone,

But robs a thouſand who would praiſe thee fain;
And doth commit a world of ſin in one.

The beaſts ſay, Eat me; but, if beaſts muſt teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praiſe.
The trees ſay, Pull me: but the hand you ſtretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raiſe.

Wherefore, moſt ſacred Spirit, I here preſent
For me and all my fellows praiſe to thee:
And juſt it is that I ſhould pay the rent,
Becauſe the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, tranſcendent, and divine;
Who doſt ſo ſtrongly and ſo ſweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command*, or thy *permiſſion*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*:
The firſt puts on with ſpeed and expedition;
The other curbs ſin's ſtealing pace and theft;

Nothing eſcapes them both: all muſt appear,
And be diſpoſed, and dreſſ'd, and tuned by thee,
Who ſweetly temper'ſt all. If we could hear
Thy ſkill and art, what muſic would it be!

Thou art in ſmall things great, not ſmall in any:
Thy even praiſe can neither riſe, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempeſts are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it faſt, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou haſt made poor ſand
Check the proud ſea, e'en when it ſwells and
gathers.

Thy cupboard ſerves the world: the meat is ſet
Where all may reach: no beaſt but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking: fiſhes have their net:
The great prey on the leſs, they on ſome weed.

Nothing engender'd doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table ſpread, ere they appear;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely doſt thou times and ſeaſons ſpin,
And make a twiſt checker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wiſdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them
flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their maſter's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the flower doth ſtay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the graſs, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for ſoil:
Springs vent their ſtreams, and by expenſe get ſtore:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to expreſs the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and ſtones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhow a root, that gives expreſſions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the ſtars?
A roſe, beſides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtleſs our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much ſurer than our art is ſure.

Thou haſt hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his peril: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
And threaten'd man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

E'en poiſons praiſe thee. Should a thing be loſt?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poiſons, antidotes are moſt;
The help ſtands cloſe, and keeps the fear in view.

The ſea, which ſeems to ſtop the traveller,
Is by a ſhip the ſpeedier paſſage made.
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to ſerve his trade.

And as thy houſe is full, ſo I adore
Thy curious art in marſhalling thy goods.

The hills with health abound, the vales with ſtore;
The South with marble; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; eaſy things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore ſeek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy froſts with ſummer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glaſs: warm without weight
Is wool and furs: cool without cloſeneſs, ſhade:
Speed without pains, a horſe: tall without height,
A ſervile hawk: low without loſs, a ſpade.

All countries have enough to ſerve their need:
If they ſeek fine things, thou doſt make them run
For their offence; and then doſt turn their ſpeed
To be commerce and trade from ſun to ſun.

Nothing wears clothes, but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing uſeth fire,
But Man alone, to ſhow his heavenly breed:
And only he hath fuel in deſire.

When the earth was dry, thou madeſt a ſea of wet:
When that lay gather'd, thou didſt broach the mountains:
When yet ſome places could no moiſture get,
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently ſpend
Your honey drops: preſs not to ſmell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will aſcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harſh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need leſs reparation.
How ſmooth are ſilks, compared with a ſtake,
Or with a ſtone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, ſail and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruit's warm kernels help againſt the wind.
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſs a feaſt,
Where all the gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fiſh and fleſh; bats, bird and beaſt;
Sponges, nonſenſe and ſenſe; mines, the earth and plants.

To ſhow thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe than ours, ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move the under jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying, the Elephant leans or ſtands.

[illegible] who hath any?
[illegible] knows
[illegible]
[illegible] many,
[illegible]

All things that are, though they have several ways,
[illegible]
To honour thee: and so I give thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in life and name
It go for one, hath many ways in fame
To honour thee: and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

93. Hope.

I GAVE to hope a Watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optic sent.
With that I gave a phial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah, Loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring:
I did expect a ring.

94. Sins round.

SORRY I am, my God, ſorry I am,
That my offences courſe it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a buſy flame,
Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts,
Which ſpit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and paſs them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words ſuffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do join to finiſh the inventions:

My hands do join to finiſh the inventions:
And ſo my ſins aſcend three ſtories high,
As Babel grew, before there were diſſentions.
Yet ill deeds loiter not: for they ſupply
New thoughts of ſinning; wherefore, to my ſhame,
Sorry I am, my God, ſorry I am.

95. Time.

MEETING with Time, Slack thing, ſaid I,
Thy ſcythe is dull; whet it for ſhame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deſerve ſome blame;
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too ſharp do find it.

Perhaps ſome ſuch of old did paſs,
Who above all things loved this life;
To whom thy ſcythe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Chriſt's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his bleſſing thou art bleſt:
For where thou only wert before
An executioner at beſt,
Thou art a gardener now, and more.
An uſher to convey our ſouls
Beyond the utmoſt ſtars and poles.

And this is that makes life ſo long,
While it detains us from our God.
E'en pleaſures here increaſe the wrong:
And length of days lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what ſtrange length muſt that needs be,
Which e'en eternity excludes!
Thus far Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing ſaid, This man deludes:
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave leſs time, but more.

96. Gratefulneſs.

THOU that haſt given ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſays, If he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt given him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithſtanding, thou went'ſt on,
And didſt allow us all our noiſe:
Nay thou haſt made a ſigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes, than groans can make;
But that theſe country-airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canſt thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankful, when it pleaſeth me;
As if thy bleſſings had ſpare days:
But ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

97. Peace.

SWEET Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I
Let me once know. [humbly crave,
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And aſk'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the Lace of Peace's coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpy
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial: Sure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devour
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a reverend good old man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began;
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increaſe
Of flock and fold.

He ſweetly lived; yet ſweetneſs did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat:
Which many wondering at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,

That virtue lies therein;
A ſecret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe
And peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſs you do purſue
Is only there.

98. Confeſſion.

O WHAT a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets; and in them many a cheſt;
And like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrew, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God's afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtle for the ſubtleſt hearts;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tendereſt parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and caſt about:

And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much leſs give out.
No Smith can make ſuch locks, but they have keys;
Cloſets are Halls to them; and hearts, highways.

Only an open breaſt
Doth ſhut them out, ſo that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot reſt,
But quickly ſeek ſome new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no faſtening have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and ſins,
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away:
For ſince confeſſion pardon wins,
I challenge here the brighteſt day,
The cleareſt diamond: let them do their beſt,
They ſhall be thick and cloudy to my breaſt.

99. Giddineſs.

OH, what a thing is man! how far from power,
From ſettled peace and reſt!
He is ſome twenty ſeveral men at leaſt
Each ſeveral hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treaſure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of ſin
Will loſe a pleaſure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And ſnudge in quiet: now he ſcorns increaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds a houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And cruſh'd the building: and 'tis partly true,
His mind is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a Dolphin's ſkin, his clothes combined
With his deſires!

Surely if each one ſaw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No Sale or Bargain paſs: all would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: one creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

100. The Bunch of Grapes.

JOY, I did lock thee up: but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago: one vogue and vein,

One air of thoughts uſurps my brain,
I did towards Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the ſea of ſhame.

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travell'd, and ſaw no town;
So now each Chriſtian hath his journeys ſpann'd:
Their ſtory pens and ſets us down.
A ſingle deed is ſmall renown.
God's works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient juſtice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops faſt:
We have our ſands and ſerpents, tents and ſhrouds
Alas! our murmurings come not laſt.
But where's the cluſter? where's the taſte
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I muſt borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy, as ſorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Bleſſed be God, who proſper'd *Noah's* Vine,
And made it bring forth Grapes good ſtore.
But much more him I muſt adore,
Who of the law's ſour juice ſweet wine did make,
E'en God himſelf, being preſſed for my ſake.

101. Love unknown.

DEAR friend, ſit down, the tale is long and ſad:
And in my faintings I preſume your love
Will more comply, than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom ſome grounds, which may im-
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me. [prove,
To him I brought a diſh of fruit one day,
And in the middle placed my heart. But he
(I ſigh to ſay)
Look'd on a ſervant, who did know his eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Than I myſelf. The ſervant inſtantly
Quitting the fruit, ſeized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A ſtream of blood, which iſſued from the ſide
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cauſe: there it was dipt and dyed,
And waſh'd, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my leaſe will bear;
Yet ſtill aſk'd pardon, and was not denied.
But you ſhall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one eventide
(I ſigh to tell)
Walk'd by myſelf abroad, I ſaw a large
And ſpacious furnace flaming, and thereon

A boiling caldron, round about whoſe verge
Was in great letters ſet *AFFLICTION.*
The greatneſs ſhow'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a ſacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus preſent,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, ſlipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the ſcalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you underſtand?)
The offerer's heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to ſpread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug, than ſcalding water,
I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did ſteal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and moſt divine
To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed:
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults,
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would ſay *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleaſures e'en my reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood, who had been there:
For I had given the key to none, but one:
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepy ſtate of mind

Did oft poſſeſs me, ſo that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behind.
But all my ſcores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Maſter ſhows to you
More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only, what was old, renew:
The Caldron ſuppled, what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull:
All did but ſtrive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.

102. Man's Medley.

HARK, how the birds do ſing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly meaſure,
Man's joy and pleaſure
Rather hereafter, than in preſent, is.

To this life things of ſenſe
Make their pretence:
In the other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With the one hand touching heaven, with the other earth.

In ſoul he mounts and flies,
In fleſh he dies.
He wears a ſtuff whoſe thread is coarſe and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And ſhould take place
After the trimming, not the ſtuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their head;
So muſt he ſip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both froſts and thoughts do nip:
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greateſt griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he, whoſe heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praiſe.

103. The Storm.

IF as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My ſighs and tears as buſy were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempeſtuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their ſtorms, e'en in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conſcience ſpurred by remorſe
Hath a ſtrange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to aſſault thee, and beſiege thy door.

There it ſtands knocking, to thy muſic's wrong,
And drowns the ſong.
Glory and honour are ſet by till it
An anſwer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor ſtorms: ſuch days are beſt;
They purge the air without, within the breaſt.

104. Paradiſe.

I BLESS thee, Lord, becauſe I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order ow.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blaſt my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the incloſure is thine ARM?

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I START.
Be to me rather ſharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou doſt greater judgments SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such ſharpneſs ſhows the ſweeteſt FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
And ſuch beginnings touch their END.

105. The Method.

POOR heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect, what thou doſt move;
For he is *Power:* and ſure he *would;*
For he is *Love.*

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy breaſt, and turn thy book:
If thou hadſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? *Yeſterday*
I did behave me careleſsly,
When I did pray.

And ſhould God's ear
To ſuch indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God leſs free?

But ſtay! what's there?
Late when I would have ſomething done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And ſhould God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to thoſe
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon firſt, and God will ſay,
Glad heart, rejoice.

106. Divinity.

AS men, for fear the ſtars ſhould ſleep and nod,
And trip at night, have ſpheres ſupplied;
As if a ſtar were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Juſt ſo the other heaven they alſo ſerve,
Divinity's tranſcendent ſky:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reaſon triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wiſdom, which firſt broach'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his ſeamleſs coat, had that been fine,
With curious queſtions and diviſions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was clear as heaven, from whence it came.
At leaſt thoſe beams of truth, which only ſave,
Surpaſs in brightneſs any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark inſtructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can theſe Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.
Bid what he pleaſe; yet I am ſure,

To take and taſte what he doth there deſign,
Is all that ſaves, and not obſcure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, fooliſh man;
Break all thy ſpheres, and ſave thy head;
Faith needs no ſtaff of fleſh, but ſtoutly can
To Heaven alone both go, and lead.

107. Epheſ. iv. 30.

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT, ETC.

AND art thou grieved, ſweet and ſacred Dove,
When I am ſour,
And croſs thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of ſtrength and power
Grieved for a worm, which when I tread,
I paſs away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep, fooliſh heart,
And weeping live;
For death is dry as duſt. Yet if we part,
End as the night, whoſe ſable hue
Your ſins expreſs; melt into dew.

When ſaucy mirth ſhall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on ſenſe:

I ſin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; he doth groan.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a ſtrain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no diſcord but in ceaſing be.
Marbles can weep; and ſurely ſtrings
More bowels have, than ſuch hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myſelf to tears and grief,
E'en endleſs tears
Without relief.
If a clear ſpring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no Cryſtal, what ſhall I?

Yet if I wail not ſtill, ſince ſtill to wail
Nature denies;
And fleſh would fail,
If my deſerts were maſters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with ſtore of blood.

108. The Family.

WHAT doth this noiſe of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do theſe loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the houſe and family are thine,
Though ſome of them repine.
Turn out theſe wranglers, which defile thy ſeat:
For where thou dwelleſt all is neat.

Firſt Peace and Silence all diſputes control,
Then Order plays the ſoul;
And giving all things their ſet forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods ſweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth ſtand,
Expecting a command:
Than whom in waiting nothing ſeems more ſlow,
Nothing more quick when ſhe doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;
But griefs without a noiſe:
Yet ſpeak they louder, than diſtemper'd fears:
What is ſo ſhrill as ſilent tears?

This is thy houſe, with theſe it doth abound:
And where theſe are not found,
Perhaps thou comeſt ſometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a conſtant ſtay.

109. The Size.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart.
Modeſt and moderate joys to thoſe, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,

Are paſſing brave.
Let the upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon ſail?
If thou haſt wherewithal to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To the Iſle of ſpices, Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſannul?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joys are all at once;
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have re-
And live on ſcore: [nounce,
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on *Sion's* hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenced joy,
And in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Chriſtian's ſtate and caſe
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and ſpare,
Yet active ſtrength: whoſe long and bony face
Content and care
Do ſeem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore ſit down, good heart;
Graſp not at much, for fear thou loſeſt all.
If comforts fell according to deſert,
They would great froſts and ſnows deſtroy:
For we ſhould count, Since the laſt joy.

Then cloſe again the ſeam
Which thou haſt open'd; do not ſpread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whoſe meridian was engraven,
Theſe Seas are tears, and Heaven the Haven.

110. Artillery.

AS I one evening ſat before my cell,
Methought a ſtar did ſhoot into my lap.
I roſe, and ſhook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from ſmall fires comes oft no ſmall miſhap:
When ſuddenly I heard one ſay,
Do as thou uſeſt, diſobey,
Expel good motions from thy breaſt,
Which have the face of fire, but end in reſt.

I, who had heard of muſic in the ſpheres,
But not of ſpeech in ſtars, began to muſe:
But turning to my God, whoſe miniſters
The ſtars and all things are; If I refuſe,
Dread Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my good;
Then I refuſe not e'en with blood
To waſh away my ſtubborn thought:
For I will do, or ſuffer what I ought.

But I have alſo ſtars and ſhooters too,
Born where thy ſervants both artilleries uſe.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee; yet thou doſt refuſe.
Not but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
Much more obliged to do thy will,
Than thou to grant mine: but becauſe
Thy promiſe now hath e'en ſet thee thy laws.

Then we are ſhooters both, and thou doſt deign
To enter combat with us, and conteſt
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my arrows, and behold my breaſt.
Yet if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
I muſt be ſo, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

111. Church-Rents and Schiſms.

BRAVE roſe, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair,
Where thou didſt lately ſo triumph and ſhine,
A worm doth ſit, whoſe many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallowed ſteps do cruſh and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only ſhreds of thee,
And thoſe all bitten, in thy chair I ſee.

Why doth my Mother bluſh? is ſhe the roſe,
And ſhows it ſo? Indeed Chriſt's precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much freſher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealouſies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your ſeveral parts unlooſe and ſtart:
Which when your neighbours ſaw, like a north wind
They ruſhed in, and caſt them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,

Where ſhall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as ſtars? ſince it is night,
And much of *Aſia* and *Europe* faſt aſleep,
And e'en all *Africk;* would at leaſt I might
With theſe two poor ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

112. ~~Juſtice~~

DREADFUL juſtice, what a fright and terror
Waſt thou of old,
When ſin and error
Did ſhow and ſhape thy looks to me,
And through their glaſs diſcolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The diſhes of thy balance ſeem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and ſcape
Did like ſome tottering engine ſhow:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the ſtouteſt hearts, the proudeſt wits.

But now that Chriſt's pure veil preſents the ſight,
I ſee no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy ſcales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably deſcend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou ſtill didſt call on me,
Now I ſtill touch
And harp on thee.
God's promiſes hath made thee mine:
Why ſhould I juſtice now decline?
Againſt me there is none, but for me much.

113. The Pilgrimage.

I TRAVELL'D on, ſeeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Deſperation
I left on the one, and on the other ſide
The rock of Pride.

And ſo I came to Fancy's meadow ſtrow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to Care's copſe I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Paſſion; which
Some call the world;
A waſted place, but ſometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had tied
Cloſe to my ſide.

At length I got unto the gladſome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing ſtill,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackiſh waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abaſh'd and ſtruck with many a ſting
Of ſwarming fears,
I fell, and cried, Alas, my King;
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I roſe, and then perceived
I was deceived:

My hill was further: ſo I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Juſt as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives: If that be all, ſaid I,
After ſo foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

114. The Hold-faſt.

I THREATEN'D to obſerve the ſtrict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one, it could not be;
Yet I might truſt in God to be my light.

Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone.
Nay, e'en to truſt in him, was alſo his:

We muſt confeſs, that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſs that he my ſuccour is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confeſs
That we have nought. I ſtood amazed at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſs,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

115. Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Becauſe thou art
My power and wiſdom. Put me not to ſhame,
Becauſe I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy duſt that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and ſtory
Are both thy due: but I a ſilly fly,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all juſtice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but thoſe of grief?

Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

116. The Diſcharge.

BUSY enquiring heart, what wouldſt thou know?
Why doſt thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low;
And in thy lookings ſtretch and grow?

Haſt thou not made thy counts, and ſumm'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is paſt who can recall?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath ſown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy buſineſs his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canſt tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Only the preſent is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didſt not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldſt well ſee
What preſent things required of thee.

They aſk enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the preſent fit: if he provide,
He breaks the ſquare.
This hour is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon death's ſide:

For death each hour environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto thoſe grounds,
But thro' a Churchyard which them bounds.

Things preſent ſhrink and die: but they that ſpend
Their thoughts and ſenſe
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt looſe the chain,
And wake thy ſorrow?
Wilt thou foreſtall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freſhly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come: or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt:
And while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt:
My God hath promiſed; he is juſt.

117. Praiſe.

KING of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me:
Thou didſt note my working breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpared me.

Wherefore with my utmoſt art
I will ſing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſins againſt me cried,
Thou didſt clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didſt hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with tears,
Thou relentedſt.
And when Juſtice call'd for fears,
Thou diſſentedſt.

Small it is, in this poor ſort
To enrol thee:
E'en eternity is too ſhort
To extol thee.

118. An Offering.

COME, bring thy gift. If bleſſings were as ſlow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?
What haſt thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and ſee; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to beſtow:
In Chriſt two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And ſingle things grow fruitful by deſerts.
In public judgments one may be a nation.
And fence a plague, while others ſleep and ſlumber.

But all I fear is, leſt thy heart diſpleaſe,
As neither good, nor one: ſo oft diviſions
Thy luſts have made, and not thy luſts alone;
Thy paſſions alſo have their ſet partitions.
Theſe parcel out thy heart: recover theſe,
And thou mayſt offer many gifts in one.

There is a balſam, or indeed a blood, [cloſe
Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanſe and
All ſorts of wounds; of ſuch ſtrange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and ſeek no repoſe,
Until thou find, and uſe it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymn be this;

SINCE my ſadneſs
Into gladneſs,
Lord thou doſt convert,
O accept
What thou haſt kept,
As thy due deſert.

Had I many,
Had I any,

(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give ſavour
To this poor oblation;
And it raiſe
To be thy praiſe,
And be my ſalvation.

119. Longing.

WITH ſick and famiſh'd eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my ſighs, my tears aſcend:
No end?

My throat, my ſoul is hoarſe;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou doſt curſe.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy; Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, becauſe thou art,

And doſt diſpoſe
To them a part:
Their infants, them; and they ſuck thee
More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my ſoul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the ſame
Thy name!

Look on my ſorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what ſhames!
Conſider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jeſu, thou didſt bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord, hear! *Shall he that made the ear*
Not hear?

Behold, thy duſt doth ſtir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou defer
To ſuccour me,
Thy pile of duſt, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Haſt thou left all things to their courſe,
And laid the reins
Upon the horſe?
Is all lock'd? hath a ſinner's plea
No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf aſſign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlined.
Thy board is full, yet humble gueſts
Find neſts.

Thou tarrieſt, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou doſt reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I ſtyled
Thy child.

Lord, didſt thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were ſin alive, good cauſe there were
To bear.

But now both ſin is dead,
And all thy promiſes live and bide.
That wants his head;

Theſe ſpeak and chide,
And in thy boſom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now ſo long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.

My love, my ſweetneſs, hear!
By theſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breaſt which cries,
Which dies.

120. The Bag.

AWAY deſpair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
E'en when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he cloſe his eyes, but not his heart.

Haſt thou not heard, that my Lord JESUS died?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtory.
The God of power, as he did ride

In his majeſtic robes of glory,
Reſolved to light; and ſo one day
He did deſcend, undreſſing all the way.

The ſtars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his ſpear,
The ſky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they aſk'd, what he would wear;
He ſmiled, and ſaid as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel ſin:
And having given the reſt before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our ſcore.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a ſpear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon his ſide,
And ſtraight he turn'd, and to his brethren cried,

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Father's hands and ſight
(Believe me) it ſhall ſafely come.
That I ſhall mind, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will uſe me in this kind, the door
Shall ſtill be open; what he ſends
I will preſent, and ſomewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to me. Hark deſpair, away.

121. The Jews.

POOR nation, whoſe ſweet ſap, and juice
Our ſcions have purloin'd, and left you dry:
Whoſe ſtreams we got by the Apoſtles' ſluice,
And uſe in baptiſm, while ye pine and die:
Who by not keeping once, became a debtor;
And now by keeping loſe the letter:

O that my prayers! mine, alas!
O that ſome Angel might a trumpet ſound:
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should cry ſo loud, until the trump were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your ſweet ſap might come again!

Who is this ſweet ſap? It has come through C. C. R. prayers

122. The Collar.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more;
I will abroad.
What? ſhall I ever ſigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,

Looſe as the wind, as large as ſtore.
Shall I be ſtill in ſuit?
Have I no harveſt but a thorn
To let me blood, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with Cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my ſighs did dry it: there was corn,
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only loſt to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſigh-blown age
On double pleaſures: leave thy cold diſpute
Of what is *fit, and not:* forſake thy cage,
Thy rope of ſands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, *Child:*
And I replied, *My Lord.*

123. The Glimpſe.

WHITHER away, delight?
Thou cameſt but now; wilt thou ſo ſoon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingering pain and ſmart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight ſhould have
More ſkill in muſic, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with leſſer crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy ſhort abode and ſtay
Feeds not, but adds to the deſire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they ſay)
A neighbour ſpring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the ſpring's acceſs grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pick'd here and there a crumb, and would not die;
But conſtant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A ſlender thread a gentle gueſt will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Muſt let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the ſtock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to ſpin,
The wheel ſhall go, ſo that thy ſtay be ſhort.
Thou know'ſt how grief and ſin
Diſturb the work. O make me not their ſport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

124. Aſſurance.

SPITEFUL bitter thought!
Bitterly ſpiteful thought! Couldſt thou invent
So high a torture? Is ſuch poiſon bought?
Doubtleſs, but in the way of puniſhment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No ſuch rank poiſon can there be.

Thou ſaid'ſt but even now,
That all was not ſo fair, as I conceived,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceived:
Either the league was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cauſe to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poiſon, if it had a tongue, expreſs?
What is thy aim? Wouldſt thou unlock the door
To cold deſpairs, and gnawing penſiveneſs?
Wouldſt thou raiſe devils? I ſee, I know,
I writ thy purpoſe long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee ſay it. O moſt gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myſelf, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppoſe
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my deſert:
And in this League, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But alſo mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didſt at once thyſelf indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtir, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall diſband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruin praiſe thy power.

Now, fooliſh thought, go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy ſhame: for thou haſt caſt a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for itſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

125. The Call.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my Strength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his gueſt.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

126. Claſping of Hands.

LORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Than I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me reſtore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me doſt thee reſtore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither ſhould be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that ſomething more
I may preſume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didſt ſuffer to reſtore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death waſt none of thine,
Yet then as mine didſt me reſtore.
O be mine ſtill! ſtill make me thine;
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

127. Praiſe.

LORD, I will mean and ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy praiſe alone.
My buſy heart ſhall ſpin it all my days:
And when it ſtops for want of ſtore,
Then will I wring it with a ſigh or groan,
That thou mayſt yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runs, it flies:
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before, [riſe
When thou doſt bleſs, hath twelve: one wheel doth
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou doſt on buſineſs blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row

Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but ſtumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
And ſtruggling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee employ
In ruling all
This ſpacious Globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The winds their ſtint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heard'ſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heaven, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in; yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers near the top
Of ſome fair Church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloody battle which thou once didſt try)
The glaſs was full and more.

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſſ'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore:
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more!

128. Joſeph's Coat.

GROUNDED I ſing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath changed its note: ſuch is his will
Who changeth all things, as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it e'en my heart,
And both would run until they found a bier
To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But he hath ſpoil'd the race; and given to anguiſh
One of Joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhow his power, who once did bring
My *joys* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

129. The Pulley.

WHEN God at firſt made man,
Having a glaſs of bleſſing ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wiſdom, honour, pleaſure:

When almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treaſure,
Reſt in the bottom lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
Beſtow this jewel alſo on my creature,
He would adore my gifts inſtead of me,
And reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt,
But keep them with repining reſtleſſneſs:
Let him be rich and weary, that at leaſt,
If goodneſs lead him not, yet wearineſs
May toſs him to my breaſt.

130. The Prieſthood.

BLEST Order, which in power doth ſo excel,
That with the one hand thou lifteſt to the ſky,
And with the other throweſt down to hell
In thy juſt cenſures; fain would I draw nigh;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay ſword
For that of the holy word.

But thou art fire, ſacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: ſhould I preſume
To wear thy habit, the ſevere attire

My ſlender compoſitions might conſume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often ſeen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I ſcorn'd to ſtand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of ſkilful Artiſts, for the boards of thoſe
Who make the braveſt ſhows.

But ſince thoſe great ones, be they ne'er ſo great,
Come from the earth, from whence thoſe veſſels come;
So that at once both feeder, diſh, and meat,
Have one beginning and one final ſum:
I do not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God ſuch veſſels are,
As ſerve him up, who all the world commands.
When God vouchſafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands:
O what pure things, moſt pure muſt thoſe things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
Through the old ſins and new doctrines of our land.
Only, ſince God doth often veſſels make
Of lowly matter for high uſes meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker ſeek
For ſome mean ſtuff whereon to ſhew his ſkill:
Then is my time. The diſtance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Leſt good come ſhort of ill
In praiſing might, the poor do by ſubmiſſion
What pride by oppoſition.

131. The Search.

HITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce the earth, mine eyes the ſky:
And yet the ſphere
And centre both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtars above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keys unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having ſtore)
Into a groan,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabric mould
Which favour wins,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving the old
Unto their ſins?

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
What covert dare eclipſe thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather braſs,
Or ſteel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will paſs.

Thy will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth thought:
To it all ſtrength, all ſubtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
Eaſt and Weſt touch, the poles do kiſs,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief muſt be as large
As is thy ſpace,
Thy diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my caſe.

O take theſe bars, theſe lengths, away;
Turn, and reſtore me:
Be not Almighty, let me ſay,
Againſt, but *for me*.

When thou doſt turn, and wilt be near;
What edge ſo keen,
What point ſo piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy abſence doth excel
All diſtance known:
So doth thy nearneſs bear the bell,
Making two one.

132. Grief.

WHO will give me tears? Come all ye ſprings,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds, and rain:
My grief hath need of all the watery things,
That nature hath produced. Let every vein
Suck up a river to ſupply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,

Unleſs they get new conduits, new ſupplies,
To bear them out, and with my ſtate agree.
What are two ſhallow fords, two little ſpouts
Of a leſs world? the greater is but ſmall,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want proviſion in the midſt of all.
Verſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe
For my rough ſorrows: ceaſe, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your meaſures for ſome lover's lute,
Whoſe grief allows him muſic and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both meaſure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

133. The Croſs.

WHAT is this ſtrange and uncouth thing
To make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint, and die,
Until I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth, and family might combine
To ſet thy honour up, as our deſign.

And then when after much delay,
Much wreſtling, many a combat, this dear end,
So much deſired, is given, to take away
My power to ſerve thee: to unbend
All my abilities, my deſigns confound,
And lay my threatenings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my ſoul (the memory
What I would do for thee, if once my groans
Could be allowed for harmony)
I am in all a weak diſabled thing,
Save in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Beſides, things ſort not to my will,
E'en when my will doth ſtudy thy renown:
Thou turneſt the edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, e'en when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midſt of delicates to need,
And e'en in Paradiſe to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, eaſe my ſmart!
Theſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſs actions
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions
Are properly a Croſs felt by thy Son,
With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

134. The Flower.

OW freſh, O Lord, how ſweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in ſpring;
To which, beſides their own demean,
The late-paſt froſts tributes of pleaſure bring.
Grief melts away
Like ſnow in May,
As if there were no ſuch cold thing.

Who would have thought my ſhrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenneſs? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To ſee their Mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep houſe unknown.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a paſſing bell.
We ſay amiſs,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could ſpell.

O that I once paſt changing were,
Faſt in thy Paradiſe, where no flower can wither!

Many a ſpring I ſhoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a ſpring-ſhower,
My ſins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a ſtraight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What froſt to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in age I bud again,
After ſo many deaths I live and write;
I once more ſmell the dew and rain,
And reliſh verſing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempeſts fell at night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us ſee we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

135. Dotage.

FALSE glozing pleaſures, caſks of happineſs,
Fooliſh night-fires, women's and children's wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras, gilded emptineſs,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lies, nothing between two diſhes;
Theſe are the pleaſures here.

True earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
Plain demonſtrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs e'en from the very bone;
Theſe are the ſorrows here.

But oh the folly of diſtracted men,
Who griefs in earneſt, joys in jeſt purſue;
Preferring, like brute beaſts, a loathſome den
Before a court, e'en that above ſo clear,
Where are no ſorrows, but delights more true
Than miſeries are here!

136. The Son.

LET foreign Nations of their language boaſt,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coaſt;

Who cannot dreſs it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To Parent's iſſue and the Sun's bright Star!
A Son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame
Chaſing the Father's dimneſs, carried far
From the firſt man in the Eaſt, to freſh and new
Weſtern diſcoveries of poſterity.
So in one word our Lord's humility
We turn upon him in a ſenſe moſt true:
For what Chriſt once in humbleneſs began,
We him in glory call, *The Son of Man.*

137. A true Hymn.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would ſay:
And ſtill it runneth muttering up and down
With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*

Yet ſlight not theſe few words;
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſs which a Hymn or Pſalm affords,
Is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,

If the words only rhyme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behind
To make his Verſe, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be moved,
Although the Verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſupply the want.
As when the heart ſays (ſighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, *Loved.*

The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer friends,
Flies of eſtates and ſunſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the ſky;
But cooling by the way, grows purſy and ſlow,
And ſettling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: to all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more than I.

139. A Dialogue-Anthem.

CHRISTIAN, DEATH.

Chr. ALAS, poor death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient ſting?

Dea. *Alas, poor mortal, void of ſtory,*
Go ſpell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curſe being laid on him makes thee accurſt.

Dea. *Let loſers talk, yet thou ſhalt die;*
Theſe arms ſhall cruſh thee. *Chr.* Spare not,
do thy worſt.
I ſhall be one day better than before:
Thou ſo much worſe, that thou ſhalt be no
more.

140. The Water-Courſe.

THOU who doſt dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions ſooneſt grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
For who can look for leſs that loveth {Life. / Strife.}

But rather turn the pipe, and water's courſe
To ſerve thy ſins, and furniſh thee with ſtore
Of ſovereign tears, ſpringing from true remorſe:
That ſo in pureneſs thou mayſt him adore
Who gives to man, as he ſees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

141. Self-condemnation.

THOU who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
For chooſing *Barabbas* a murderer
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own eſtate,
Call home thine eye (that buſy wanderer)
That choice may be thy ſtory.

He that doth love, and love amiſs
This world's delights before true Chriſtian joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thouſands of ſouls it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a ſorry wedding
Between his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath ſold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
And judge ourſelves. That light which ſin and paſſion
Did before dim and choke,
When once thoſe ſnuffs are ta'en away,
Shines bright and clear, e'en unto condemnation,
Without excuſe or cloak.

142. Bitter-Sweet.

AH, my dear angry Lord,
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
Caſt down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praiſe;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my four-ſweet days
I will lament, and love.

143. The Glance.

WHEN firſt thy ſweet and gracious eye
Vouchſafed e'en in the midſt of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in ſin;

I felt a ſugar'd ſtrange delight,
Paſſing all Cordials made by any Art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter ſtorm
My ſoul hath felt, e'en able to deſtroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His ſwing and ſway:
But ſtill thy ſweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my ſoul,
And ſurging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy firſt glance ſo powerful be,
A mirth but open'd, and ſeal'd up again;
What wonders ſhall we feel, when we ſhall ſee
Thy full-eyed love!
When thou ſhalt look us out of pain,
And one aſpect of thine ſpend in delight
More than a thouſand ſuns diſburſe in light,
In Heaven above.

144. The Twenty-third Pſalm.

THE God of love my ſhepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſs,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſs:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's ſhady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaff to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' ſight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my days;
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

145. Mary Magdalen.

WHEN bleſſed *Mary* wiped her Saviour's feet,
(Whoſe precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
And wore them for a Jewel on her head,

Showing his ſteps ſhould be the ſtreet,
Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
With penſive humbleneſs would live and tread:

She being ſtain'd herſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
To make him clean, who could not be defiled?
Why kept ſhe not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like Seas, our ſins are piled
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear ſoul, ſhe knew who did vouchſafe and deign
To bear her filth: and that her ſins did daſh
E'en God himſelf: wherefore ſhe was not loath,
As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
So to bring in wherewith to waſh:
And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſhed both.

146. Aaron.

HOLINESS on the head,
Light and perfections on the breaſt,
Harmonious bells below, raiſing the dead
To lead them unto life and reſt.
Thus are true *Aarons* dreſt.

Profaneneſs in my head,
Defects and darkneſs in my breaſt,
A noiſe of paſſions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no reſt:
Poor Prieſt thus am I dreſt.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breaſt,
Another muſic, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no reſt:
In him I am well dreſt.

Chriſt is my only head,
My alone only heart and breaſt,
My only muſic, ſtriking me e'en dead;
That to the old man I may reſt,
And be in him new dreſt.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breaſt,
My doctrine tuned by Chriſt, (who is not dead;
But lives in me while I do reſt)
Come, people; *Aaron's* dreſt.

147. The Odour.

2 COR. II.

HOW ſweetly doth *My Maſter* ſound! *My Maſter!*
As ambergris leaves a rich ſcent
Unto the taſter:
So do theſe words a ſweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, *My Maſter.*

With theſe all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind e'en thruſt into them both;

That I might find
What Cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of ſmells that feeds and fats my mind.

My Maſter, ſhall I ſpeak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little ſo,
As fleſh may be;
That theſe two words might creep and grow
To ſome degree of ſpicineſs to thee!

Then ſhould the Pomander, which was before
A ſpeaking ſweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter than before.

For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And e'en in my unworthineſs pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not diſpleaſing,
That call is but the breathing of the ſweet.

This breathing would with gains by ſweetening me
(As ſweet things traffic when they meet)
Return to thee.
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ, and buſy me.

148. The Foil.

IF we could ſee below
The ſphere of virtue, and each ſhining grace,
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better ſky, the brighter place.

God hath made Stars the foil
To ſet off virtues; griefs to ſet off ſinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

149. The Forerunners.

THE Harbingers are come. See, ſee their
White is their colour, and behold my head. (mark;
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark
Thoſe ſparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſs turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art ſtill my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my beſt room,
E'en all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I paſs not, I, what of the reſt become,
So, *Thou art ſtill my God*, be out of fear.
He will be pleaſed with that ditty;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell ſweet phraſes, lovely metaphors:
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of ſtews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I waſh you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt and clad:
My God muſt have my beſt, e'en all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, ſugarcane,
Honey of roſes, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath ſome fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a ſty?
Fy, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyſelf, and him that ſings the note.

Let fooliſh lovers, if they will love dung,
With Canvaſs, not with Arras clothe their ſhame:
Let folly ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet if you go, I paſs not; take your way:
For, *Thou art ſtill my God,* is all that ye
Perhaps with more embelliſhment can ſay.
Go, birds of ſpring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleneſs chalk the door,
So all within be livelier than before.

150. The Roſe.

PRESS me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of ſugar'd lies,
And to uſe a larger meaſure
Than my ſtrict, yet welcome ſize.

Firſt, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as clear,
As if they could beauty ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſſ'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
Only take this gentle Roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer than a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity diſcloſe,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flower doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joys to be a ſcourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not phyſic chooſe:
Only though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my anſwer is a roſe.

151. Diſcipline.

THROW away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's deſire
Unto thine is bent:
I aſpire
To a full conſent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'ſcape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

152. The Invitation.

COME ye hither all, whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
Save your coſt, and mend your fare.
God is here prepared and dreſſ'd,
And the feaſt,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,

Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither all whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your ſins to ſight:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſin doth caſt the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whoſe love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the ſky:
Here is love, which, having breath
E'en in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I ſhall
Still invite, ſtill call to thee:
For it ſeems but juſt and right
In my ſight,
Where is all, there all ſhould be.

153. The Banquet.

WELCOME ſweet and ſacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatneſs paſſeth ſight,
Thy delight
Paſſeth tongue to taſte or tell.

O what ſweetneſs from the bowl
Fills my ſoul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is ſome ſtar (fled from the ſphere)
Melted there,
As we ſugar melt in wine?

Or hath ſweetneſs in the bread
Made a head
To ſubdue the ſmell of ſin,
Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Leſt the enemy ſhould win?

Doubtleſs neither ſtar nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſs to impart:
Only God, who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruiſed are better ſcented;
God, to ſhow how far his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the ground.

Having raiſed me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte.
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at laſt.

For with it alone I fly
To the ſky:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek, for what I ſue;
Him I view
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,

And take up my lines and life:
Hearken unto pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the ſtrife.

154. The Poſy.

LET wits conteſt,
And with their words and poſies windows fill:
Leſs than the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, is my poſy ſtill.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write;
Whether I ſing,
Or ſay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention reſt;
Compariſons go play; wit uſe thy will:
Leſs than the leaſt
Of all God's mercies, is my poſy ſtill.

155. A Parody.

SOUL'S joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Becauſe thou doſt abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou doſt ſuppreſs
The cheerfulneſs
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not ſtir abroad,
But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and ſhade
Doth me invade!
No ſtormy night
Can ſo afflict or ſo affright
As thy eclipſed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Leſt want of awe
Make ſin appear;
And when thou doſt but ſhine leſs clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While ſin doth rave,
And falſely boaſt,
That I may ſeek, but thou art loſt!
Thou and alone thou know'ſt.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe,
That Sin ſays true: but while I grieve,
Thou comeſt and doſt relieve.

156. The Elixir.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to ſee,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beaſt,
To run into an action;
But ſtill to make thee prepoſſeſt,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glaſs,
On it may ſtay his eye;
Or if he pleaſeth, through it paſs,
And then the heaven eſpy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with his tincture (*for thy ſake*)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A ſervant with this clauſe
Makes drudgery divine:
Who ſweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous ſtone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for leſs be told.

157. A Wreath.

A WREATHED garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knoweſt all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit ſeems above ſimplicity.
Give me ſimplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practiſe them: then ſhall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

158. Death.

DEATH, thou waſt once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The ſad effect of ſadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldſt not ſing.

For we conſidered thee as at ſome ſix
Or ten years hence,
After the loſs of life and ſenſe,
Fleſh being turn'd to duſt, and bones to ſticks.

We look'd on this ſide of thee, ſhooting ſhort;
Where we did find
The ſhells of fledge ſouls left behind,
Dry duſt, which ſheds no tears, but may extort.

But ſince our Saviour's death did put ſome blood
Into thy face:
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in requeſt, much ſought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doomſday;
When ſouls ſhall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty ſhall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as ſleep, and truſt
Half that we have
Unto an honeſt faithful grave;
Making our pillars either down, or duſt.

159. Doomſday.

COME away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the duſt to riſe,
Till it ſtir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whiſpering, *Live you, Brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Duſt, alas, no muſic feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and ſtrains
Cure Tarantula's raging pains.

Come away,
O make no ſtay!
Let the graves make their confeſſion,
Leſt at length they plead poſſeſſion:
Fleſh's ſtubbornneſs may have
Read that leſſon to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth ſtray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noiſome vapours grow
To a plague and public woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken conſort raiſe,
And the muſic ſhall be praiſe.

160. Judgment.

ALMIGHTY Judge, how ſhall poor wretches
Thy dreadful look, [brook
Able a heart of iron to appal,
When thou ſhalt call
For every man's peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I hear tell,
That ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſin,
That they in merit ſhall excel.

But I reſolve, when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thruſt a Teſtament into thy hand:
Let that be ſcann'd.
There thou ſhalt find my faults are thine.

161. Heaven.

WHO will ſhow me thoſe delights on high?
ECHO. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
ECHO. *No.*

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
ECHO. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves, that ſtill abide?
ECHO. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
ECHO. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliſs?
ECHO. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that ſupreme delight?
ECHO. *Light.*
Light to the mind: what ſhall the will enjoy?
ECHO. *Joy.*
But are there cares and buſineſs with the pleaſure?
ECHO. *Leiſure.*
Light, joy, and leiſure; but ſhall they perſever?
ECHO. *Ever.*

162. Love.

LOVE bade me welcome: yet my ſoul drew back,
Guilty of duſt and ſin.
But quick-eyed Love, obſerving me grow ſlack
From my firſt entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, ſweetly queſtioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A gueſt, I anſwer'd, worthy to be here:
Love ſaid, You ſhall be he.

I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and ſmiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my ſhame
Go where it doth deſerve.
And know you not, ſays Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will ſerve.
You muſt ſit down, ſays Love, and taſte my meat:
So I did ſit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

II.

The Church Militant.

ALMIGHTY Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seeſt and ruleſt all things e'en as one:
The ſmalleſt Ant or Atom knows thy power,
Known alſo to each minute of an hour:
Much more do common-weals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counſels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouſe doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didſt thou ariſe to plant this Vine,
Which might the more endear it to be thine.
Spices come from the Eaſt; ſo did thy Spouſe,
Trim as the light, ſweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noah's* ſhady vine, chaſte as the dove,
Prepared and fitted to receive thy love.
The courſe was weſtward, that the ſun might light
As well our underſtanding as our ſight.
Where the Ark did reſt, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.

Moſes purſued this: but King *Solomon*
Finiſh'd and fix'd the old religion.
When it grew looſe, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Chriſt to faſten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore croſs and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Only whereas the Ark in glory ſhone,
Now with the croſs, as with a ſtaff, alone,
Religion, like a Pilgrim, weſtward bent,
Knocking at all doors, ever as ſhe went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his flight,
Liſtens behind him, and allows ſome light,
Till all depart: ſo went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot ſtept, the other ſtay
Among the eaſtern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the weſtern clime.
To *Egypt* firſt ſhe came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flouriſh more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh Moſes*, changing the hiſtory.
Goſhen was darkneſs, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monſters brought forth Iſraelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptiſm to produce,
For things miſshapen, things of higheſt uſe.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the higheſt place in all men's hearts.
Learning was poſed, Philoſophy was ſet,

Sophiſters taken in a Fiſher's net.
Plato and *Ariſtotle* were at a loſs,
And wheel'd about again to ſpell *Chriſt's-Croſs*.
Prayers chaſed ſyllogiſms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horſe as ſoon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet Egypt faſter rid,
And ſpent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. Greece being paſt her prime,
Religion went to Rome, ſubduing thoſe,
Who, that they might ſubdue, made all their foes.
The Warrior his dear ſcars no more reſounds,
But ſeems to yield Chriſt hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endured to work his bliſs,
Who by an ambuſh loſt his Paradiſe.
The great heart ſtoops, and taketh from the duſt
A ſad repentance, not the ſpoils of luſt:
Quitting his spear leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherd's hook grew to a Sceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But the Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them,
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexander's* ſtem.
In both of theſe Proweſs and Arts did tame
And tune men's hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing ſkill in the one,
Or ſtrength in the other, did erect her throne,
Many a rent and ſtruggling the empire knew,
(As dying things are wont,) until it flew
At length to *Germany*, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Church's feſtival attending:

That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſs harbingers would ſerve than they)
So they might ſtill, and point us out the place,
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her downcaſt face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a Garden there;
Then ſhowers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhared with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a Crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſs than ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantine's Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſtery wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From time's great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the fartheſt old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sin did ſet out of Eaſtern *Babylon*,
And travell'd weſtward alſo: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where'er he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At firſt he got to *Egypt*, and did ſow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow,
Freſh and fine deities. They were at great coſt,
Who for a god clearly a ſallet loſt.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring Garlic with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,

Starving the while he worſhippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be ſever'd infinitely!
What wretchedneſs can give him any room,
Whoſe houſe is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the ſame tranſplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in *Egypt* ſneaked for a while;
His higheſt was an Ox or Crocodile,
And ſuch poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth paſs,
And being craftier much than Goodneſs was,
He left behind him Garriſons of ſins,
To make good that which every day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich ſhrines and oracles he purchaſed:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what ſhould befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a Poet, and would ſerve
His pills of ſublimate in that conſerve.
The world came both with hands and purſes full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where ſome poor truths were ſhuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to diſcredit thoſe,
Who after him ſhould braver truths diſcloſe.
From *Greece* he went to *Rome:* and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the Roman ſphere.
Glory was his chief inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtraight, when that grew cold:

Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the game,
Diſparking oracles, and all their treaſure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleaſure;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy,
Cheat the moſt ſubtle nations. Who ſo coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt?* yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To ſuch Mahometan ſtupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Only the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelity.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her coſt.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolved one night
To be a Churchman too, and wear a Mitre:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn writer.
I ſaw him in his ſtudy, where he ſate
Buſy in controverſies ſprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
His grave Aſpect had more of Heaven than Hell:
Only there was a handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperor;
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſs
To make a jeſt of Chriſt's three Offices:
The rather ſince his ſcatter'd jugglings were

United now in one both time and ſphere.
From *Egypt* he took petty deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleaſure,
By free diſpenſings of the Church's treaſure.
Then in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did ſurname his palace, *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their tranſmigrations;
From all theſe places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchoriſm and retiredneſs,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* ſtatelineſs;
And blending theſe, he carried all men's eyes,
While Truth ſat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and ſcorn'd to uſe
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntary tranſmigration.
All poſt to *Rome*: Princes ſubmit their necks
Either to his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to ſtir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur:
Therefore he ſent out able Miniſters,
Stateſmen within, without doors Cloiſterers;
Who without ſpear, or ſword, or other drum,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did ſo ſtrangely rule,
That the whole world did ſeem but the Pope's *mule*.
As new and old *Rome* did one empire twiſt;
So both together are one Antichriſt;

Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crack'd looking-glaſs.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Thus Sin triumphs in Weſtern *Babylon;*
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the Eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and night,
As is the Moon and Sun to Heaven and light.
When the one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and grace.
They are hell's land-marks, Satan's double creſt:
They are Sin's nipples, feeding the eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the Copy ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in virtuous deeds;
So though Sin made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debtor.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears;
Nay, it ſhall every year decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſs do the world invade
At Chriſt's laſt coming, as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious world and *Jewry* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to paſs to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice, and prodigious luſts,

Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts,
(The marks of future bane,) ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up;
When *Seine* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreams:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her Calendar of ſins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretell, what ſins next year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:
Then ſhall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of Goſpel, e'en as we.
My God, thou doſt prepare for them a way,
By carrying firſt their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always ſides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiſs:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their nation
But lends to us, ſhall be our deſolation.
Yet as the Church ſhall thither weſtward fly,
So Sin ſhall trace and dog her inſtantly:
They have their period alſo and ſet times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Uſher'd the Goſpel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church ſhall come, and Sin the Church ſhall
ſmother:
That when they have accompliſhed the round,

And met in the Eaſt their firſt and ancient ſound,
Judgment may meet them both, and ſearch them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus alſo Sin and Darkneſs follow ſtill
The Church and Sun with all their power and ſkill.
But as the Sun ſtill goes both Weſt and Eaſt:
So alſo did the Church by going Weſt
Still Eaſtward go; becauſe it drew more near
To time and place, where judgment ſhall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L'Envoy.

ING of glory, King of peace,
With the one make war to ceaſe;
With the other bleſs thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not ſin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold;
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts daily ſpread;
That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſs is common wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,

Till thy conqueſt and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all;
And then bargain with the wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.

III. Miſcellaneous Poems.

1. A Sonnet.

Sent by George Herbert to his Mother as a New Year's Gift from Cambridge.

MY God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole ſhoals of Martyrs once did burn,
Beſides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear *Venus'* livery? only ſerve her turn?
Why are not ſonnets made of thee? and lays
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a ſpirit to ſound out thy praiſe
As well as any ſhe? Cannot thy Dove
Outſtrip their *Cupid* eaſily in flight?
Or, ſince thy ways are deep, and ſtill the ſame,
Will not a verſe run ſmooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breaſt does feel, no braver fuel chooſe
Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuſe.
Sure Lord, there is enough in thee to dry

Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the Earth, ſo doth thy Majeſty:
Each cloud diſtils thy praiſe, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another uſe.
Roſes and lilies ſpeak thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuſe.
Why ſhould I women's eyes for cryſtal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whoſe fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praiſe, and on thee, Lord, ſome ink beſtow.
Open the bones, and you ſhall nothing find
In the beſt face but filth; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies, in the diſcovery.

2. Inſcription.

In the Parſonage, Bemerton.

To my Succeſſor.

IF thou chance for to find
A new Houſe to thy mind
And built without thy Coſt:
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives thee ſtore,
And then my Labour's not loſt.

3. On Lord Denvers.

SACRED marble, safely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep,
Until the years again restore
Their heat, and time shall be no more.
Mean while, if he, which all things wears)
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
Are shed for him; dissolve thy frame,
Thou art required: for his fame,
His virtue, and his worth shall be
Another monument to thee.

4. A Paradox.*

(From a MS. Collection formerly Dr. Rawlinson's, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.)

That the Sick are in a better case, then the Whole.

YOU who admire yourselves because
You neither groan nor weep,
And think it contrary to Nature's laws
To want one ounce of sleep,

* See a poem (No. xli.) in the *Synagogue* at the end of the volume.

Your ſtrong belief
Acquits yourſelves, and gives the ſick all grief.

Your ſtate to ours is contrary,
That makes you think us poor,
So Black-moors think us foul, and wee
Are quit with them, and more,
Nothing can ſee,
And judge of things but mediocrity.

The ſick are in themſelves a ſtate
Which health hath nought to do.
How know you that our tears proceed from woe,
And not from better fate?
Since that mirth hath
Her waters alſo and deſired bath.

How know you that the ſighs we ſend
From want of breath proceed,
Not from exceſs? and therefore we do ſpend
That which we do not need;
So trembling may
As well ſhow inward warbling, as decay.

Ceaſe then to judge calamities
By outward form and ſhew,
But view yourſelves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you ſhall fully know
That your eſtate
Is, of the two, the far more deſperate.

You always fear to feel thoſe ſmarts
Which we but ſometimes prove,
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but groſs joys you move:
Why then confeſs
Your fears in number more, your joys are leſs.

Then for yourſelves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you viſit us, and plaint or caſe,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

IV. Parentalia.

AUCTORE G. HERBERT.*

Memoriæ Matris Sacrum.

I.

AH Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis *Thameſis* vicina videtur,
Virtutumque choro ficcior ipſe tuo.
In flumen mœrore nigrum ſi funderer ardens,
Laudibus haud fierem ſepia juſta tuis.
Tantùm iſtæc ſcribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
Mater: et iſta Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

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* Printed at the end of Dr. *Donne's* Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady *Danvers*, late wife of Sir *John Danvers*, preached at *Chelſea*, July 1, 1627, together with other Commemorations of her by her ſon *G. Herbert*. *Lond.* 1627, 18mo.—See *Barnabas Oley's Life of Herbert*, p. civ. and *Walton's Life*, p. xviii. prefixed to *Herbert's Remains*.

2.

CORNELIÆ ſanctæ, graves Semproniæ,
Et quicquid uſpiam eſt ſeveræ fœminæ,
Conferte lacrymas: Illa, quæ vos miſcuit
Veſtraſque laudes, poſcit et mixtas genas.
Namque hanc ruinam ſalva Gravitas defleat,
Pudorque conſtet vel ſolutis crinibus;
Quandoque vultûs ſola majeſtas, Dolor.
Decus mulierum periit: et metuunt viri
Utrumque ſexum dote ne mulctaverit.
Non illa ſoles terere comptu lubricos,
Struices ſuperbas atque turritum caput
Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
(Nam poſt *Babelem* linguæ adeſt confuſio,)
Quin poſt modeſtam, qualis integras decet,
Subſtructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
Animam recentem rite curavit ſacris
Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.
Dein familiam luſtrat, et res prandii,
Horti, colique diſtributim penſitat.
Suum cuïque tempus et locus datur.
Inde exiguntur penſa crudo veſpere.
Ratione certâ vita conſtat et domus,
Prudentèr initò quot-diebus calculo.
Totâ renident æde decus et ſuavitas
Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
Magnatis appulſu extulit ſe occaſio,
Surrexit unà et illa, ſeſeque extulit:
Occaſione certat imò et obtinet.
Proh? quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
Lepos ſeverus, *Pallas* mixta Gratiis;
Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia:
Aut ſi negotio hora ſumenda eſt, rei
Per angiportus et mæandros labitur,
Ipſos *Catones* provocans oraculis.
Tum quanta tabulis artifex? quæ ſcriptio?

Bellum putamen, nucleus belliſſimus
Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
Volant per orbem literæ notiſſimæ:
O blanda dextra, neutiquam iſtoc pulveris,
Quò nunc recumbis, ſcriptio merita eſt tua,
Pactoli arena tibi tumulus eſt unicus.
Adde his trientem Muſices, quæ molliens
Mulcenſque dotes cæteras, viſa eſt quaſi
Cæleſtis harmoniæ breve præludium.
Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum?
Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
Commune cordis palpitantis balſamum:
Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
Fatiſco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
Solùm dolores,—et dolores, ſtellulæ!
At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta cenſes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipſe ſolùm mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis?
Mihine Matris urna clauſa eſt unico,
Herbæ exoletæ, roſ-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam refero, ſolùm ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quàm piè iſtìc ſum impudens?
Tu verò Mater perpetìm laudabere
Nato dolenti: literæ hoc debent tibi
Quêis me educaſti; ſponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum conſecutæ maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inſcii.

3.

CUR ſplendes, O *Phœbe?* ecquid demittere Matrem
Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
At ſuperat caput illa tuum, quantum ipſa cadaver
Mens ſuperat; corpus ſolùm Elementa tenent.

Scilicet id ſplendes: hæc eſt tibi cauſa micandi
Et lucro apponis gaudia ſancta tuo.
Verùm heus ſi nequeas cœlo demittere Matrem,
Sitque omnis motûs neſcia, tanta quies,
Fac radios ſaltèm ingemines, ut dextera tortos
Implicet, et Matrem, Matre manente, petam.

4.

QUID nugor calamo favens?
Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
Quin cœli mihi ſunt mei,
Materni decus, et debita nominis,
Dumque his invigilo frequens
Stellarum ſocius, pellibus exuor.
Quare Sphæram egomet meam
Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo:
Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
Per te naſcor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo naſcor in alterum:
Bis tu Mater eras mihi,
Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

5.

HORTI, deliciæ Dominæ, marceſcite tandem;
Ornâſtis capulum, nec ſupereſſe licet.
Ecce decus veſtrum ſpinis horreſcit, acutâ
Cultricem revocans anxietate manum:
Terram et funus olent flores: Dominæque cadaver
Contiguas ſtirpes afflat, eæque roſas.
In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,

Quæque domus Dominæ ſit, gravitate docent.
Quare haud vos hortos, ſed cæmeteria dico,
Dum torus abſentem quiſque reponit heram.
Eugè, perite omnes; nec poſthâc exeat ulla
Quæſitum Dominam gemma vel herba ſuam.
Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumuloſque paternos;
(Nempe ſepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
Occidite; aut ſanè tantiſpèr vivite, donec
Veſpere ros mæſtis funus honeſtet aquis.

6.

GALENE fruſtrâ es, cur miſerum premens
Tot quæſtionum fluctibus obruis,
Arterias tractans micantes
Corporeæ fluidæque molis
Aegroto mentis? quam neque pixides
Nec tarda poſſunt pharmaca conſequi,
Utrumque ſi præderis *Indum*,
Ultrà animus ſpatiatur exlex.
Impos medendi, occidere ſi potes,
Nec ſic parentem ducar ad optimam:
Ni ſanctè, uti Mater, recedam,
Morte magis viduabor illâ.
Quin cerne ut erres inſcie, brachium
Tentando ſanum: ſi calet, æſtuans,
Ardore ſcribendi caleſcit,
Mater ineſt ſaliente venâ.
Si totus infler, ſi tumeam crepax,
Ne membra culpes, cauſa animo latet
Qui parturit laudes parentis:
Nec gravidis medicina tuta eſt.
Irregularis nunc habitus mihi eſt:
Non exigatur craſis ad alterum.
Quod tu febrem cenſes, ſalubre eſt
Atque animo medicatur unum.

7.

PALLIDA materni Geni atque exanguis imago,
In nebulas similesque tui res gaudia numquid
Mutata? et pro Matre mihi phantasma dolosum
Uberaque aerea hiscentem fallentia natum?
Væ nubi pluviâ gravidæ, non lacte, measque
Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila *Juno*,
Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia vernæ,
Tam languens genitrix cineri supposita fugaci:
Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum,
Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus
Prætulit *Astræa*, aut solio *Themis* alma vetuæo
Pensilis, atque acri dirimens examine lites.
Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
Quod superest vitæ, insumam: Solisque jugales
Ipse tuæ solùm adnectam, sine murmure, thensæ.
Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus insto,
Effluxisse dies, *suffocatamve *Minervam*,
Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas
Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.
Est mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis
Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
Luctatur spacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui
Judicii dominus, flores ut junctiùs halent
Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus
Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum.
Hìc ego tuque erimus, variæ suffitibus herbæ
Quotidiè pasti: tantùm verum indue vultum
Affectusque mei similem; nec languida misce

* The old edition has *suffocat amne Minervam*, which is evidently corrupt and unmeaning. The emendation will at once be admitted by the scholar.

Ora meæ memori menti: ne diſpare cultu
Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
Atque inter reliquos horti creſcentia fœtus
Noſtra etiam paribus marceſcant gaudia fatis.

8.

QARVAM piamque dum lubentèr ſemitam
Grandi reæque præfero.
Carpſit malignum ſidus hanc modeſtiam
Vinumque felle miſcuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari geſtio
Ipſis ſeverus orbibus,
Tandem prehenſâ comiter lacernulâ
Suſurrat aure quiſpiam,
Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
Guſto proboque Dolium.

9.

HOC, Genitrix, ſcriptum proles tibi ſedula mittit.
Siſte parum cantus, dum legis iſta, tuos.
Nôſſe ſui quid agant, quædam eſt quoque muſica ſanctis,
Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere poteſt.
Nos miſerè flemus, ſoleſque obducimus almos
Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
Interea claſſem magnis Rex inſtruit auſis:
Nos autem flemus: res ea ſola tuis.
Ecce ſolutura eſt, ventos cauſata morantes:
Sin pluviam: fletus ſuppeditâſſet aquas.
Tillius incumbit *Dano:* Galluſque marinis:
Nos flendo: hæc noſtrûm teſſera ſola ducum.
Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.

Plura tibi miſſurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
Quod nectar, niſi cum te celebrare diem?)
Sed partem in ſcriptis etiam dum lacryma poſcit,
Diluit oppoſitas candidus humor aquas.

10.

NEMPE hucuſque notos tenebricoſos,
Et mæſtum nimio madore Cœlum,
Telluriſque *Britannicæ* ſalivam
Injuſtè ſatis arguit viator.
At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
Cum probro madidum, reumque difflat.
Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant:
Te nunc *Anglia*, *Scotiæque* binæ,
Quin te *Cambria* pervetuſta deflet,
Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
Ne ſeræ meritis tuis venirent.
Non eſt angulus uſpiam ſerenus,
Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

11.

QUUM librata ſuis hæret radicibus ilex
Neſcia Vulturnis cedere, firma manet.
Poſt ubi crudelem ſentit diviſa ſecurem,
Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero:
Arbor et ipſe inverſa vocor: dumque inſitus almæ
Aſſideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
Nunc ſorti pateo, expoſitus ſine Matre procellis,
Lubricus, et ſuperans mobilitate ſalum.
Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmiſſima, Mater
Ceu Polypus, chelis ſaxa prehendo tenax:

Non tibi nunc ſoli filum abrupere ſorores
Diſſutus videor funere et ipſe tuo.
Unde vagans paſſim rectè vocer alter *Ulyſſes*,
Alteraque hæc tua mors, *Ilias* eſto mihi.

12.

ACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
Exuta ſtrato carnis, oſſibus conſtans,
Iiſque ſiccis, adeo ut os *Moloſſorum*
Haud glubat inde tres teruncios eſcæ.
Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, *Meduſeæ*,
Ad ſaxa ſpeciem retrahentis humanam,
Tantoque nequioris optimâ *Pyrrhâ*.
At forte Matrem perdere haud ſoles demens:
Quin nec potes; cui præbuit *Tigris* partum.
Proinde parco belluis, nec iraſcor.

13.

Epitaphium.

HIC ſita fœminei laus et victoria ſexus:
Virgo pudens, uxor fida, ſevera parens:
Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
Sic excelſa humiliſque ſimul loca diſſita junxit,
Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et aſtra, fruens.

14.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
Τῶδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
Νῦ δ' αὐτῦ τάφος ἐς' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνυ
Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς ἔικος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.
Νῦν ὁράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγῆς
Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
Ὃς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπυ
Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νειῖμε σέλας.

15.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
Ὀδυρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόυ καὶ κινδύνου
Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίυς.
Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σὴνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις
Ἔχρην φυγοῦσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου:
Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίῤῥοον τρόπων,
Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
Νῦν δ' ὤχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κἄγων· ἢ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας
Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινὴν εὐωδίαν,
Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
Εἴπου τύχοιμι τῆςδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
Θανεῖν συνειδὼς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

16.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
Δακρύοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἄνδρων
Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαύτην
Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
Τάλας; εἴθε γ' Ἄργος εἴην
Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
Ἵνα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
Ἀρετὰς διακριθείσας
Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

17.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι, καὶ ἄλλοι,
Οὐκ ἐθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἀρωγὸν,
Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἐλόντες.
Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὔδε γὰρ ὕδωρ,
Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
Ἡ θέμις, ἠ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
Δημόσιον τ' ἴνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,
Αὖταρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι: εὖτε γὰρ αὗται
Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἑοῦ κοικίλματος ἄρδην
Λήσμονες, ἠ βελόνη σφαλερῷ κῆρ τράυματι νύττει
Ἔργου ἁμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·

Ἧς βίος ἠελίοιο δάην, ἀκτῖνας ἱέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπαιδύνατι κῆπον·
Αὖταρ ὀδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὡς ἤλιος αὖος
Σειρίου ἠττηθεὶς βυλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὥς ἐμπαλιν αὐτῆς
Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζώειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

18.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμήσεος, ἄϊκε σελήνης
Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
Ἀλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνῃ,
Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

19.

EXCUSSOS manibus calamos, falcemque reſumptam
Rure, ſibi dixit *Muſa* fuiſſe probro.
Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine *Parcis*)
Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra ſuum.
Non potui non ire acri ſtimulante flagello:
Quin Matris ſuperans carmina poſcit honos.
Eja, agedum ſcribo: viciſti *Muſa*; ſed audi,
Stulta ſemel ſcribo, perpetuò ut ſileam.

V. Georgii Herberti. Angli Muſæ Reſponſoriæ, ad Andreæ Melvini Scoti *Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriam.*

Pro Supplici Evangelicorum Miniſtrorum in Anglia, ad Sereniſſimum Regem contra Larvatam Geminæ Academiæ Gorgonem Apologia;

Sive *Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria,*

AUCTORE ANDREA MELVINO.

Reſponſum, non Dictum.

INSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, (poſcit ratio ut decori,
Poſcit ex omni officio ut ſibi mens
Conſcia recti)

Anxiam Chriſti vigilémque curam,
Quæ pias terris animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in aſtra, nigróque
Invidet *Orco,*

De ſacri caſta ratione cultûs,
De Sacro-ſancti Officii decoro
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
Porr'gere Regi,

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
Spiritu recto, et ſtudiis modeſtis,
Numinis ſancti veniam, et benigni
Regis honorem

Ritè præfantem: Scelus expiandum
Scilicet taurorum, ovium, ſuúmque
Millibus centum, voluiſſe nudo
Tangere verbo

Præſulum faſtus; monuiſſe Ritus
Impios, deridiculos, ineptos
Lege, ceu labes, maculáſque lectâ ex
Gente fugandos.

Júſque-jurandum ingemuiſſe jura
Exigi contra omnia; tum miſellis
Mentibus triſtem laqueum injici per
Fáſque, nefáſque.

Turbida illimi Crucis in lavacro
Signa conſignem? magico rotatu
Verba devolvam? ſacra vox ſacratâ im-
murmuret undâ

Strigis in morem? Rationis uſu ad-
-fabor Infantem vacuum? canoras
Ingeram nugas minùs audienti
Dicta puello?

Parvulo impôſtis manibus ſacrabo
Gratiæ fœdus? digitóne Sponſæ
Annulus Sponſi impoſitus ſacrabit
Connubiale

Fœdus æternæ bonitatis? Undâ
Num ſalutari mulier Sacerdos
Tinget in vitam, *Sephorâm*que reddet
Luſtrica mater?

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
Ritè quadrabit? *Pharium* camillo
Supparum *Chriſti*, et decus *Antichriſti*
Pontificale

Paſtor examen gregis exigendum
Curet invitus, celebrare cœnam
Promptus arcanam, memorando *Jeſu*
Vulnera dira?

Cantibus certent *Berecynthia* æra
Muſicûm fractis? reboéntve rauco
Templa mugitu? Illecebris ſupremi ah
Rector *Olympi*

Captus humanis? libitúmque nobis,
Scilicet, Regi id Superûm allubeſcet?
Somniúmque ægri cerebri profanum eſt
Dictio ſacra?

Haud ſecus luſtri Lupa *Vaticani*
Romuli fæcem bibit, et bibendam
Porrigit poc'lo, populiſque et ipſis
Regibus aureo.

Non ità æterni *Witakerus* acer
Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen
Dixit, aut ſenſit; neque celſa ſummi
Penna *Renoldi*.

Certa ſublimes aperire calles,
Sueta cœleſtes iterare curſus,
Læta miſceri niveis beatæ
Civibus aulæ;

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Oris erumpit ſcatebra perenni
Amnis exundans, gravidique rores
Gratia fœcunda animos apertis
Auribus implent.

Major hic omni invidia, et ſuperſtes
Millibus mille, et *Sadecle*, et omnium
Maximo *CALVINO*, aliiſque veri
Teſtibus æquis;

Voce olorina liquidas ad undas
Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi
Carmen, et *Nato* canit, eliquante
Numinis aurâ,

Senſa de caſtu ſacra puriore,
Dicta de cultu potiore Sancta,
Arma quæ in caſtris jugulent ſeveri
Tramitis hoſtes.

Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum
Alpium applaudunt, reſonántque valles;
Jura concentu nemorum ſonoro,
Et pater *Iſter*

Conſonant longè; pater et bicornis
Rhenus aſſenſum ingeminat, *Garumna*,
Sequana, atque *Arar*, *Liger*: inſularum et
Undipotentum

Magna pars intenta *Britannicarum*
Voce conſpirat liquida; ſolúmque,
Et ſalum, et cœlum, æmula præcinentis
More, modóque

Concinunt *Bezæ* numeris, modíſque
Et polo plaudunt; referúntque leges
Lege quas ſanxit pius ardor, et Rex
Scoto-britannus.

Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis
Servat æternum pia cura Regis
Qui mare, et terras, variíſque mundum
Temperat horis:

Cujus æqualis Soboles Parenti
Gentis electæ pater, atque cuſtos;
Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque
Spiritus almus;

Quippe Tres-unus Deus; unus actus,
Una natura est tribus; una virtus
Una Majestas, Deitas et una,
Gloria et una.

Una vis immensâ, perennis una
Vita, lux una, et sapientia una,
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et
Una voluntas

Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna;
Dura, et inclemens, rigida, et severa;
Semper aterna, omnipotens, et æqua,
Semper et alma:

Lucidum cujus speculum est, reflectens
Aureum vultûs jubar, et verendum,
Virginis proles, fata cœlo, et alti in-
terpres *Olympi:*

Qui Patris mentémque, animúmque sancti
Filius pandit face noctilucâ,
Sive Doctrinæ documenta, seu com-
pendia Vitæ,

Publicæ, privæ, sacra scita regni
Regis ad nutum referens, domûsque
Ad voluntatem Domini instituta
Singula librans,

Luce quam *Phœbus* melior refundit,
Lege, quam Legum- tulit ipse -lator,
Cujus exacti officii suprema est
Norma voluntas.

Cæca mens humana, hominum voluntas
Prava, et affectus rabidi; indigétque
Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas,
Lege libido,

Quiſquis hanc ſurda negat aure, quà ſe
Fundit ubertim liquidas ſub auras,
Ille ter prudens, ſapiénſque, et omni ex
Parte beatus.

Ergò vos *Cami* proceres, *Tami*que,
Quos viâ flexit maleſuadas error,
Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in-
ſiſtite callem.

Vos metus tangit ſi hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem ſperate, et amœna ſolis
Tartara Diris;

Quæ manent ſontes animas, trucéſque
Præſulum faſtus, malè quas perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu-
ſtodia pernox.

Veſte bis tinctâ *Tyrio* ſuperbos
Murice, et paſtos dape pinguiore
Regia quondam aut *Saliari* inuncta a-
bdomine cœna.

Qualis *Urſini*, *Damaſi*que faſtus
Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
Ambitu pugnax, ſacram et ædem, et urbem
Cæde nefandâ

Civium inceſtavit, et omnioſum
Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum,
Præſulum quod nobilium indecorus
Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri ſacra? quid cupido
Ambitu diro fera non propagat
Poſteris culpæ? mala damna quanta
Plurima fundit?

VI. Pro Diſciplina Eccleſiæ Noſtræ, Epigrammata Apologetica.

I. Auguſtiſſimo Potentiſſimoque Monarchæ Jacobo, D. G. Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regi, Fidei Defenſori, etc.

Geo. Herbertus.

ECCE recedentis fœcundo in littore *Nili*
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Antè tui, *CÆSAR*, quàm fulſerat aura favoris,
Noſtræ etiam *Muſæ* vile fuere lutum:
Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere poſſint,
Sintque auſæ thalamum ſolis adire tui.

II. Illuſtriſſ. Celſiſſimoque Carolo, Walliæ, et Juventutis Principi.

QUAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
Obtutu placido benignus affles,
Nam [que] aſpectibus è tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigráſque blattas,

Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,
Ceu, quas culta timet ſeges, pruinas
Naſcentes radii fugant, vel acres
Tantùm dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
Sic ô te (juvenem, ſenémve) credat
Mors ſemper juvenem, ſenem *Britanni.*

III. Reverendiſſimo in Chriſto Patri, ac Domino, Epiſcopo Vintonienſi, etc.

[*Lavncelot Andrewes.*]

SANCTE Pater, cœli cuſtos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo ſanctius aſtra vident;
Cùm mea futilibus numeris ſe verba viderent
Claudi, penè tuas præteriêre fores.
Sed properè, dextréque reduxit euntia ſenſus,
Iſta docens ſoli ſcripta quadrare tibi.

IV. Ad Regem Epigrammata Duo.

I. Inſtituti Epigrammatici Ratio.

CUM millena tuam pulſare negotia mentem
Conſtet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;
Nè te productis videar laſſare Camœnis,
Pro ſolido, *Cæſar*, carmine fruſta dabo.
Cùm tu contundens *Catharos*, vultúque libríſque,
Grata mihi menſæ ſunt analecta tuæ.

2. Ad Melvinum.

NON mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, laceſſam;
Non ut te ſuperem: res tamen ipſa feret.
Ætatis numerum ſupplebit cauſa minorem;
Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egóque ſenex.
Aſpice, dum perſtas, ut te tua deſerat ætas;
Et mea ſint canis ſcripta referta tuis.
Ecce tamen quàm ſuavis ero! cùm, fine duelli,
Clauſerit extremas pugna peracta vices,
Tum tibi, ſi placeat, fugientia tempora reddam;
Sufficiet votis iſta juventa meis.

3. In Monſtrum Vocabuli Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria.

Ad Eundem.

QUAM bellus homo es! lepido quàm nomine fingis
Iſtas *Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias!*
Sic *Catharis* nova ſola placent; res, verba novantur:
Quæ ſapiunt ævum, ceu carioſa jacent.
Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces:
Non tibi fingendi ſola taberna patet.
Cùm ſacra perturbet veſter furor omnia, ſcriptum
Hoc erit, *Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.*
Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
Eſt *Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.*

4. Partitio Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriæ.

TRES video partes, quò re diſtinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ:

Ritibus* una Sacris opponitur; † altera Sanctos
Prædicat auctores; ‡ tertia plena Deo eſt.
Poſtremis ambabus idem ſentimus uterque;
Ipſe pios laudo; Numen et ipſe colo.
Non niſi prima ſuas patiuntur prælia lites.
O bene quòd dubium poſſideamus agrum!

5. In Metri Genus.

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poeſis,
Sola tibi *Sappho*, feminàque una placet?
Cur tibi tam facilè non arriſêre poetæ
Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede?
Cur non lugentes Elegi? non acer *Iambus?*
Commotos animos rectiùs iſta decent.
Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
Et populi ſpurcas creditis eſſe vias;
Vos ducibus miſſis, miſſis doctoribus, omnes
Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus:
Nunc etiam teneras quò verſus gratior aures
Mulceat, imbelles complacuêre modi.

6. De Larvata Gorgone.§

GORGONA cur diram, larvàſque obtrudis inanes,
Cùm propè ſit nobis Muſa, *Meduſa* procul?
Si, quia felices olim dixêre poetæ
Pallada gorgoneam, ſic tua verba placent.
Vel potiùs liceat diſtinguere. Túque tuíque
Sumite *gorgoneam*, noſtráque *Pallas* erit.

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* Ab initio ad ver. 65.
† Inde ad ver. 128.
‡ Inde 176.
§ In titulo.

7. De Præſulum Faſtu.*

QRÆSULIBUS noſtris faſtus, *Melvine*, tumentes
Sæpius aſpergis. Siſte, pudore vacas.
An quod ſemotum populo laquearibus altis
Eminet, id tumidum protinus eſſe feres?
Ergò etiam Solem dicas, ignave, ſuperbum,
Qui tam ſublimi conſpicit orbe viam:
Ille tamen, quamvìs altus, tua crimina ridens
Aſſiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
Sic laudandus erit nactus ſublimia Præſul,
Qui dulci miſeros irradiabit ope.

8. De Gemina Academia.†

QUIS hîc ſuperbit, oro? túne, an Præſules?
Quos dente nigro corripis?
Tu duplicem ſolus Camœnarum thronum
Virtute percellis tuâ;
Et unus impar æſtimatur viribus,
Utrumque ſternis calcitro:
Omnéſque ſtulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
Te perſpicaci, atque integro.
An rectiùs nos, ſi vices vertas, probi,
Te contumaci, et livido?
Quiſquis tuetur perſpicillis *Belgicis*
Qua parte tractari ſolent,
Res ampliantur, ſin per adverſam videt,
Minora fiunt omnia:
Tu qui ſuperbos cæteros exiſtimas
(Superbius cùm te nihil)
Vertas ſpecillum: nam, prout ſe res habent,
Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

---

* Ver. 21. † In titulo.

9. De S. Baptiſmi Ritu.*

CUM tener ad ſacros infans ſiſtatur aquales,
Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
Annon ſic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemptor
Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
Scilicet emptorem ſi res aut parcior ætas
Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
Forſitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
Et per ſe Templi limen adire velis:
Sin, *Melvine*, pedès alienos poſtulet infans,
Cur ſic diſpliceat vox aliena tibi?
Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præſtes,
Quæ ratio per ſe, ſi ſit adulta, facit.
Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus ſuppleat alter.
Cùm nequeat claras ipſe litare preces?
Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli:
Et tibi ſit nemo præs, ubi poſcis opem.

10. De Signaculo Crucis.†

CUR tanta ſufflas probra in innocuam Crucem?
Non plùs maligni dæmones *Chriſti* cruce
Unquam fugari, quàm tui ſocii ſolent.
Apoſtolorum culpa non levis fuit
Vitâſſe *Chriſti* ſpiritum efflantis crucem.
Et *Chriſtianus* quiſque piſcis dicitur
Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
Natare ſine clariſſima poteſt cruce?
Sed non moramur: namque veſtra crux erit,
Vobis faventibúſve, vel negantibus.

---

* Ver. 34. † Ver. 29.

11. De Juramento Eccleſiæ.*

ARTICULIS ſacris quidam ſubſcribere juſſus,
Ah! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
Ordinis oſores articulare malum.

12. De Purificatione poſt Puerperium.†

ENIXAS pueros matres ſe ſiſtêre templis
Diſplicet, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Fortè quidem, cùm per veſtras Eccleſia turbas
Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos ſine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
Vitáque neglectas eſt ſatìs ulta preces.
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
Non laudare Deum, credimus eſſe nefas.
Quotidiana ſuas poſcant ſi fercula grates,
Noſtra caro ſanctæ neſcia laudis erit?
Adde piis animis quævis occaſio lucro eſt,
Quæ poſſint humili fundere corde preces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conſcia pomi
Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, ſuos,
Appoſitè quem commotum ſubfugerat olim,
Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

13. De Antichriſti Decore Pontificali.‡

NON quia Pontificum ſunt olim afflata veneno,
Omnia ſunt temere projicienda foras.
Tollantur ſi cuncta malus quæ polluit uſus,
Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

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* Ver. 25. † Ver. 22. ‡ Ver. 48.

14. De Superpelliceo.*

QUID ſacræ tandem meruêre veſtes?
Quas malus livor jaculis laceſſit
Polluens caſtam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris?
Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
Luce præluſtri, vel honore pollet,
Mens ſub inſigni ſpecie coloris
Concipit albi.
Scilicet talem liquet eſſe ſolem;
Angeli vultu radiante candent;
Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
Veſte triumphant.
E creaturis ſine mentis uſu†
Conditis binas homini ſequendas
Spiritus proponit, et eſt utrique
Candor amicus.
Ergò ringantur pietatis hoſtes,
Filii noctis, populus malignus,
Dum ſuum nomen tenet, et triumphat
Albion albo.

15. De Pileo Quadrato.‡

QUÆ dicteria fuderat *Britannus*
Superpellicei tremendus hoſtis,
Iſthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit ſupremam;
Non ſic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minùs acribus notetur.

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* Ver. 49.
† Ovis, et Columba. Columal. 6. 7. c. 2. et 8. c. 8.
‡ Ver. 45.

Verùm heus! ſi reputes, tibi tuíſque
Longè pileus anteit galerum,
Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
Qui veſtras edit intimè medullas.
Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
Quos Eccleſia comprobat, verendum
Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

16. In Catharum.

CUR *Latiam* linguam reris nimis eſſe profanam?
Quam præmiſſa probant ſecula, noſtra probant?
Cur teretem *Græcam* damnas, atque *Hellada* totam,
Qua tamen occiſi fœdera ſcripta Dei?
Scilicet *Hebræam* cantas, et perſtrepis unam:
Hæc facit ad naſum ſola loquela tuum.

17. De Epiſcopis.*

QUOS charos habuit *Chriſtus* Apoſtolos,
Teſtatòſque ſuo tradiderat gregi;
Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,
Mites acciperent Lampada Præſules,
Servarèntque ſacrum clavibus ordinem;
Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
Et quos ipſa nequit ſcandere vertices
Hos ad ſe trahere, et mergere geſtiens.
O cœcum populum! ſi bona res ſiet
Præſul, cur renuis? ſin mala, pauculos
Quàm cunctos fieri præſtat epiſcopos.

* Ver. 129.

18. De Iiſdem, ad Melvinum.*

QRÆSULIBUS dirum te *Muſa* coarguit hoſtem,
An quia Textores, Artificéſque probas?

19. De Textore Catharo.

CUM piſcatores Textor legit eſſe vocatos,
Ut ſanctum Domini perſequerentur opus;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam *Flaminis* artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius eſſe putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ ſtamine telas†
Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.

20. De Magicis Rotatibus.‡

QUOS tu rotatus, quale murmur auſcultas
In ritibus noſtris? Ego audio nullum.
Agè, provocemus úſque ad Angelos ipſos;
Auréſque ſuperas; arbitri ipſi ſint litis,
Utrum tenore ſacra noſtra ſint necne
Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut, quæ Papicolis propria, aſſuas nobis,
Falſùmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero?] verſu?
Tu perſtrepis tamen; útque turgeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poeta belle non myſtes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,§

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* Ver. 184.
† Ver. 59.
‡ Ver. 30. 32.
§ Ver. 33.

Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
Non convenire precibus iſta Divinis.
O ſævus hoſtis! quàm ferociter pugnas!
Nihilne reſpondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

21. Ad Fratres.

SEC'LUM lepidum! circumſtant undique Fratre
Papicolíſque ſui ſunt, Catharíſque ſui.
Sic nunc plena boni ſunt omnia Fratris, amore
Cùm nil fraterno rarius eſſe queat.

22. De Labe, Maculíſque.*

LABECULAS, maculâſque nobis objicis,
Quid? hoccine eſt mirum? Viatores ſumus.
Quò ſanguis eſt *Chriſti*, niſi ut maculas lavet,
Quas ſpargit animæ corporis propius lutum?
Vos ergo puri! O nomen appoſitiſſimum
Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
Aſtronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
Totúſque cænum *Cynthiæ* ignoſcit notis.
Eccleſia eſt mihi luna; perge in fabulâ.

23. De Muſica Sacra.†

CUR efficaci, *Deucalion*, manu,
Poſt reſtitutos fluctibus obices,
Mutas in humanam figuram
Saxa ſupervacuáſque cautes?

---

* Ver. 23. † Ver. 54.

Quin redde formas, O bone, priſtinas,
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos:
Nam ſaxa mirantur canentes,
Saxa lyras, citharáſque callent.
Rupes tenaces, et ſilices ferunt
Potentiori carmine percitas
Saltus per incultos, lacúſque
Orphea mellifluum ſecutas.
Et ſaxa diris hiſpida montibus
Amphionis teſtitudine nobili
Percuſſa dum currunt ad urbem,
Mænia contribuêre *Thebis*.
Tantùm repertum eſt trux hominum genus,
Qui templa ſacris expoliant choris,
Non erubeſcentes vel ipſas
Duritiâ ſuperare cautes.
O plena centum Muſica Gratiis,
Præclariorum ſpirituum cibus,
Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
Ut celebrem decus inſuſurras?
Tu Diva miro pollice ſpiritum
Cæno profani corporis exuens
Ter millies cælo reponis:
Aſtra rogant, Novus hic quis hoſpes?
Ardore *Moſes* concitus entheo,
Merſis revertens lætus ab hoſtibus
Exuſcitat plebem ſacratos
Ad Dominum properare cantus.
Quid hocce? Pſalmos audión'? O dapes!
O ſucculenti balſama ſpiritus!
Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
Deciduæ melioris orbis
Quos *David*, ipſæ deliciæ Dei,
Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
Sionis excelſas ad arces
Cum citharis, lituiſque miſcet.
Miratur æquor finitimum ſonos,
Et ipſe *Jordan* ſiſtit aquas ſtupens;

Præ quo *Tibris* vultum recondit,
*Eridanúſ*que pudore fuſus.
Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
Et nullus audis? Cantibus obſtrepens,
Ut, quò fatiges verberéſque
Pulpita, plus ſpatii lucreris?
At cui videri prodigium poteſt
Mentes, quietis tympana publicæ,
Diſcordiis plenas ſonoris
Harmoniam tolerare nullam!

24. De Eadem.*

CANTUS ſacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

25. De Rituum Uſu.†

CUM primùm ratibus ſuis
Noſtram *Cæſar* ad inſulam
Olim appelleret, intuens
Omnes indigenas loci
Viventes ſine veſtibus,
O victoria, clamitat,
Certa, ac perfacilis mihi!
Non alio *Cathari* modo
Dum ſponſam Domini piis
Orbam ritibus expetunt,
Atque ad barbariem patrum
Vellent omnia regredi,
Illam tegminis inſciam

* Ver. 35. † Ver. 21.

Prorſùs Dæmoni, et hoſtibus
Exponunt ſuperabilem.
Atqui vos ſecus, O boni,
Sentire, ac ſapere addecet,
Si veſtros animos regant
Scripturæ canones ſacræ:
Námque hæc, jure, cüipiam
Veſtem non adimi ſuam,
Sed nudis et egentibus
Non ſuam tribui jubet.

26. De Annulo Conjugali.

SED nec conjugii ſignum, *Melvine*, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi ſi ſigna placent, è nubibus arcum
Eripe cæleſti qui moderatur aquæ.
Illa quidem à noſtro non multùm abludit imago,
Annulus et plenus tempore forſan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas, et noſtro parcito ſigno,
Cui non abſimilis ſenſus ineſſe ſolet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante ſuas cum conjuge tedas
Merſerat in luſtris pernicioſa venus,
Annulus hos revocet, ſiſtàtque libidinis undas
Legitimi ſignum connubiale tori.

27. De Mundis et Mundanis.

EX prælio undæ igníſque (ſi phyſicis fides)
Tranquillus aer naſcitur:
Sic ex profano *Coſmico* et *Catharo* poteſt
Chriſtianus extundi bonus.

28. De Oratione Dominica.*

QUAM *Chriſtus* immortalis innocuo gregi
Voce ſuâ dederat,
Quis crederet mortalibus
Orationem rejici ſeptemplicem,
Quæ miſeris clypeo
Ajacis eſt præſtantior?
Hæc verba, ſuperos advolaturus thronos
Chriſtus, ut auxilii
Nos haud inanes linqueret,
(Cùm dignius nil poſſet aut melius dare)
Pignora charâ ſui
Fruenda nobis tradidit.
Quis ſic amicum excipiet, ut *Cathari* Deum,
Qui renovare ſacri
Audent amoris Symbolum?
Tu verò quiſquis es, cave nè, dum neges
Improbe verba Dei,
Te deneget Verbum Deus.

29. In Catharum quendam.

CUM templis effare, madent ſudaria, mappæ,
Trux caper alarum, ſuppara, læna, ſagum.
Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris:
Nunc ſudas ſolus; cætera turba riget.

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* Ver. 31.

30. De Lupa Luſtri Vaticani.*

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus?
Nec *Vaticanæ* deſines unquam *Lupæ?*
Metus inanes! Nos pari prætervehi
Illam *Charybdim* cautione novimus
Veſtramque *Scyllam*, æquis parati ſpiculis
Britannicam in Vulpem, inque *Romanam* Lupam.
Dicti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo, Mora, et Amor.

ROMA, tuum nomen quam non pertranſiit *Oram*,
Cùm *Latium* ferrent ſæcula priſca jugum?
Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
Unde *Maro* laudes duxit ad Aſtra tuas.
At nunc exſucco ſimilis tua gloria *Ramo*
A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut *Armo*,
Jam deturbârunt tempora longa ſuo.
Quin tibi jam deſperatæ *Mora* nulla medetur;
Qua *Fabio* quondam ſub duce nata ſalus.
Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre viciſſim;
Et cum ſublatâ laude recedit *Amor*.

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* Ver. 61.

31. De Impoſitione Manuum.

NEC dextra te fugit almi amoris emblema?
Atqui manus imponere integras præſtat,
Quàm (more veſtro) imponere inſcio vulgo.
Quanto impoſitio melior eſt impoſturâ!

32. Supplicum Miniſtrorum raptus κωμῳδούμενος.

AMBITIO *Cathari* quínque conſtat actibus.
I. Primò, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
II. Mox diſplicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanſerit
III. Paulò, ſecretis muſſitans in angulis
Quærit receſſus. Incaleſcit fabula,
IV. Erumpit inde, et continere neſcius
V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
Præ ſpiritu ruptis, quò eas reſarciat
Amſtellodamum corripit ſe. *Plaudite.*

33. De Auctorum Enumeratione.

QUO magis invidiam nobis et crimina confles,
Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque *Bucerum*,
Qui tamen in noſtros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
Aſſiduus noſtræ papilionis erat.
Nos quoque poſſemus longas conſcribere turmas,
Si numero ſtarent prælia, non animis.
Primus adeſt nobis, *Phariſæis* omnibus hoſtis,
Chriſtus Apoſtolici cinctus amore gregis.

Tu geminas belli portas, O *Petre*, repandis,
Dum gladium ſtringens *Paulus* ad arma vocat.
Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetuſtas.
Nempe Novatores quis Veteranus amat?
Jam *Conſtantinus* multo ſe milite miſcet;
Inviſámque tuis erigit haſta Crucem.
Hipponenſis adeſt properans, et torquet in hoſtes
Lampada, quâ ſtudiis invigilare ſolet.
Téque *Deum* alternis cantans *Ambroſius* iram,
Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
Hæc etiam ad pugnam præſens, quâ vivimus, ætas
Innumeram noſtris partibus addit opem.
Quos inter plenùſque Deo, genióque *Jacobus*
Defendit veram mente manúque *fidem*.
Interea ad ſacrum ſtimulat ſacra Muſica bellum,
Qua ſine vos miſeri lentiùs itis ope.
Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
Ordine diſcerni maxima bella ſolent.
O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis
Eventum *Naſo* vidit et admonuit;
Una dies Catharos ad bellum miſerat omnes:
Ad bellum miſſos perdidit una dies.

34. De Auri ſacra Fame.*

CLAUDIS avaritiâ Satyram; ſtatuíſque ſacrorum
Eſſe recidendas, *Æace* noſter, opes.
Cætera condonabo tibi, ſcombríſque remittam:
Sacrilegum carmen, cenſeo, flamma voret.

35. Ad Scotiam Protrepticon ad Pacem.

SCOTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta ſub *Arcto*,
Cur adeo immodicâ religione cales?

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* Ver. 201.

Anne tuas flammas ipſa Antiperiſtaſis auget,
Ut nive torpentes incaluêre manus?
Aut ut pruna gelu ſummo mordaciùs urit,
Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua eſt,
Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas;
Aut potiùs *Chriſti* ſanguis demiſſus ab alto,
Vicinùſque magis nobiliórque fluit:
Nè, ſi flamma novis adoleſcat mota flabellis,
Ante diem veſtro mundus ab igne ruat.

36. Ad Seductos Innocentes.

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
Abſit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;
Perſtringunt veſtros carmina ſola duces.
O utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
Vobis, aut illis pectora veſtra forent.

37. Ad Melvinum.

ATQUI te precor unicè per ipſam,
Quæ ſcripſit numeros, manum; per omnes
Muſarum calices, per et beatos
Sarcaſmos quibus artifex triumphas;
Quin per *Preſbyteros* tuos; per urbem
Quam curto nequeo referre verſu;
Per charas tibi, nobiléſque dextras,
Quas ſubſcriptio neutiquam inquinavit;
Per quicquid tibi ſuaviter probatur;
Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
Aut ſævum reputes. Amica noſtra eſt
Atque edentula *Muſa*, nec veneno
Splenis perlita contumelioſi.

Nam ſi te cuperem ſecare verſu,
Totámque evomerem potenter iram
Quam aut eccleſia deſpicata vobis,
Aut læſæ mihi ſuggerunt *Athenæ*,
(Et quem non ſtimularet hæc ſimultas)
Jam te funditus igneis Camœnis,
Et *Muſa* crepitante ſubruiſſem:
Omnis linea ſepiam recuſans
Plumbo ducta fuiſſet æſtuanti,
Centum ſtigmatibus tuos inurens
Profanos fremitus bonáſque ſannas:
Plùs charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
Hæſiſſet tibi, quàm ſuprema veſtis
Olim accreverit *Herculi* furenti:
Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum
Extruxiſſem, ubi, cum moneret uſus,
Haurirent tibi tota plauſtra *Muſæ*.
Nunc hæc omnia ſuſtuli, tonantes
Affectus ſociis tuis remittens.
Non te carmine [1]turbidum vocavi,
Non deridiculumve, ſive [2]ineptum,
Non [3]ſtriges, [4]magiámve, vel rotatus,
Non [5]faſtus tibi [6]turgidos repono;
[7]Errores, [8]maculas, [9]ſuperbiámque,
[10]Labes, [11]ſomniáque, [12]ambitúſque diros,
Tinnitus [13]*Berecynthios* omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.
Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico,
Cæſar ſobrius ad rei *Latinæ*
Unus dicitur advenire cladem:
Et tu ſolus ad *Angliæ* procellas
(Cùm plerúmque tuâ ſodalitate
Nil ſit craſſius, impolitiúſve)
Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

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[1] Ver. 29. [2] 21. [3] 33. [4] 30. [5] 21.
[6] 193. [7] 178. [8] 23. [9] 129. [10] 23.
[11] 59. [12] 262. [13] 53.

38. Ad Eundem.

INCIPIS irridens; ſtomachans in carmine pergis;
Deſinis exclamans: Tota figura, vale.

39. Ad Seren. Regem.

ECCE pererratas, Regum doctiſſime, nugas,
Quas gens inconſulta, ſuis vexata procellis,
Libandas nobis, abſorbendáſque propinat!
O cæcos animi fratres! quis veſtra fatigat
Corda furor, ſpiſſáque afflat caligine ſenſus?
Cernite, quàm formoſa ſuas Eccleſia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipſum pertingit *Olympum!*
Vicini populi paſſim mirantur, et æquos
Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiſcere ritus:
Angelicæ turmæ noſtris ſe cætibus addunt:
Ipſe etiam *Chriſtus* cœlo ſpeculatus ab alto
Intuitúque uno ſtringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet *Anglia* cultus.
Scilicet has olim diviſas æquore terras
Sepoſuit Divina ſibi, cùm conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmámque ſuâ quaſi pyxide clauſit.
O qui *Defenſor Fidei* meritiſſimus audis,
Reſponde æternùm titulo; quóque ordine felix
Cœpiſti, pergas ſimili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hoſtes:
Quáſque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
Hæreſis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere poſſit?
Tu venas laticéſque omnes, quos ſacra recludit
Pagina, guſtâſti, multóque interprete gaudes:
Tu Synodóſque, Patreſque, et quod dedit alta vetuſtas
Haud per te moritura, Scholámque introſpicis omnem.
Nec tranſire licet quo mentis acumine findis

Viſcera naturæ, commiſtúſque omnibus aſtris
Ante tuum tempus cœlum gratiſſimus ambis.
Hac ope munitus ſecurior excipis undas,
Quas *Latii*, *Catharí*que movent, atque inter utraſque
Paſtor agis proprios, medio tutiſſimus, agnos.
Perge, decus Regum; ſic, Auguſtiſſime, plures
Sint tibi vel ſtellis laudes, et laudibus anni:
Sic pulſare tuas, excluſis luctibus, auſint
Gaudia ſola fores: ſic quicquid ſomnia mentis
Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem;
Sic poſitis nugis, quibus irretita libido
Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
Sola *Jacobæum* decantent carmina nomen.

40. Ad Deum.

QUEM tu, ſumme Deus, ſemel
Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
Illum non labor irritus
Exercet miſerum; non dolor unguium
Morſus increpat anxios;
Non mæret calamus; non queritur caput:
Sed fœcunda poëſεως
Vis, et vena ſacris regnat in artubus
Qualis neſcius aggerum
Exundat fluvio *Nilus* amabili.
O dulciſſime ſpiritus,
Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inſeris
A Te Turture defluos,
Quòd ſcribo, et placeo, ſi placeo, tuum eſt.

VII. Inventa Bellica.

E Mſto. Autog.

OH Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis!
Quem non *Emathius* torrens, non ſanguine pinguis
Daunia, non ſatiat bis ter milleſima cædis
Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
Priſci, creſcenteſque una cum prole cavernas;
Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipſaque vitam
Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
Confluere interea paſſim ad Floralia pubes
Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra ſolutis.
Compita ferveſcunt pedibus, clamoribus æther.
Hîc ubi diſcumbunt per gramina, ſalſior unus
Omnia ſuſpendit naſo, ſocioſque laceſſit:
Non fert *Ucalegon*, atque amentata retorquet
Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.
Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
Ira facit, munduſque ipſe eſt apotheca furoris,
Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina
Sunt præter vitam: ſaxis hic ſternitur, alter
Ambuſtis ſudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
Bacchantur *Lapithæ*, furit inconſtantia vini,
Sanguine quem dederat ſpolians: primordia belli
Hæc fuerant, ſic *Tiſiphone* virguncula luſit.
Non placuit rudis atque ignara occiſio, morti
Quæritur ingenium, doctuſque homicida probatur.
Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque aſſueta juventus,
Fictaque *Bellona*, et veræ ludibria pugnæ,

Inſtructæque acies, hyemeſque in pellibus actæ.
Omniaque hæc ut tranſadigant ſine crimine coſtas
Artificeſque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hoſtes
Aſſiduus tyro, ſi ſit ſpectanda voluntas.
O ſuperi! quis tantum ipſis virtutibus inſtat,
Quantum cædi? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
Perdere ſexcentas? creſcet tamen hydra nocendi
Triſtis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
Fœcunduſque chalybs ſceleris, jam ſanguine tinctus,
Expleri nequit, at totum depaſcitur orbem.
Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
Baliſtaſque, Onagroſque, et quicquid *Scorpio* ſævus
Vel Catapulta poteſt, Siculique inventa magiſtri,
Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes ſanguine *Galli*
Fuſtibales, fundaſque quibus cum numine fretus
Stravit Idumæum divinus *Tityrus* hoſtem.
Adde etiam currus et cum temone *Britanno*
Arviragum, falceſque obſtantia quæque metentes.
Quin aries ruit et multâ *Demetrius** arte,
Sic olim cecidere.
Deerat adhuc vitiis noſtris digniſſima mundo
Machina, quam nullum ſatis execrabitur ævum;
Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,
Fuſaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea ſulcis:
Exoritur tubus, atque inſtar *Cyclopis Homeri*,
Luſcum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens!
Inde rotæ atque axis ſubeunt, quaſi ſella curulis,
Qua mors ipſa ſedens hominum de gente triumphat.
Accedit *Pyrius* pulvis laquearibus *Orci*
Exulis, Infernæ pretioſa tragemata menſæ,
Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetuſtas
Creditur, ante ſatas prono cum vertice fruges.
Plumbea glans, livenſque ſuæ quaſi conſcia noxæ,
Purpureus lictor *Plutonis*, epiſtola fati

* *Poliorcates*, cog: *(thus the manuſcript.)*

Plumbis obſignata, colóſque et ſtamina vitæ
Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
Hæc ubi vincta, ſubit vivo cum fune miniſter,
Fatalemque levans dextram, qua ſtupeus ignis
Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
Materiam vexat, nec jam ſe continet antro
Tiſiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cincta;
Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
It ſtridor, cæloſque omnes et *Tartara* findit.
Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel muſica ſphæræ
Vel gemitus *Erebi*, piceo ſe turbine volvens,
Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo
Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
Diffugiunt, fragiliſque crepant cœnacula mundi.
Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
Uno ictu; non ſic peſtis, non ſtella maligno
Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba *Cocytia* turbis
Ingemit, et defeſſus opem jam portitor orat.
Nec glans ſola nocet, mortem quandoque ſuſurrat
Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
Dicite vos, *Furiæ!* qua gaudet origine monſtrum?
Nox *Ætnam*, noctemque *Chaos* genuere priores,
Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona *Græcis*
Cantatum, deinde *Ixion* cum nubibus atris
Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
Triſte colens ſellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum
Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monſtrum.
Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere triſti
Verſatos neget? atque humiles queis talia cordi
Tam demiſſa, ipſamque adeo ſubeuntia terram?
Nec tamen hic mortis rabies ſtetit; exilit omni
Tormento pejor *Jeſuita*, et fulminat orbem,
Ridens bombardas miſeras, quæ corpora perdunt
Non animas; raroque ornantur ſanguine regum
Obſtreperæ ſtulto ſonitu, crimenque fatentes.
Siſtimus hic, inquit fatum, ſat prata biberunt
Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis *Abelum*.

G. HERBERTE.

VIII. Alia Poemata Latina.

1. Ad Auctorem Inſtaurationis magnæ.

[Franciſcum Bacon.]

QUER ſtrages licet auctorum veterúmque ruinam
Ad famæ properes vera *Tropæa* tuæ,
Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam ſuaviter hoſtes,
Se quaſi donatum funere quiſque putat.
Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
Vulneréque emanat ſanguis, ut intret honos.
O quám felices ſunt, qui tua caſtra ſequuntur,
Cùm per te ſit res ambitioſa mori.

2. In Honorem Illuſtriſſimi Domini Franciſci de Verulamio Vice-Comitis Sti. Albani.

Poſt editam ab eo Inſtaaur. magnum.

QUIS iſte tandem? non enim Vultu ambulat
Quotidiano. Neſcis, ignare? audies.
Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
Inductionis Dominus; et *Verulamii;*
Rerum Magiſter unicus, at non Artium:
Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;
Naturæ Aruſpex intimus; Philoſophiæ

Ærarium, Sequeſter Experientiæ,
Speculationíſque; Æquitatis Signifer;
Scientiarum ſubpupillari ſtatu
Degentium olim Emancipator; Luminis
Promus: Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium:
Collega Solis: Quadra Certitudinis:
Sophiſmatum Maſtix: *Brutus* Literarius,
Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem:
Rationis et Senſus Stupendus Arbiter?
Repumicator mentis: *Atlas* Phyſicus,
Alcide ſuccumbente *Stagiritico;*
Columba *Noæ*, quæ in vetuſtate Artibùs
Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præſtitit
Ad ſe ſuumque Matris, Arcam regredi.
Subtilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos
Ex veritate Matre; Mellis Alveus;
Mundíque et Animarum Sacerdos unicus;
Securiſque Errorum; ínque Natalibus
Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Creſcens ſibi;
O me prope Laſſum! Juvate Poſteri.

GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN ACADEM. CANTAB.

3. In Obitum incomparabilis Franciſci Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani, Baronis Verulamii.

DUM longi lentíque gemis ſub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede;
Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam ſentio tandem:
Conſtat, *Aprile* uno te potuiſſe mori:
Ut *Flos* hinc lacrymis, illinc *Philomela* querelis,
Deducant *Linguæ* funera ſola tuæ.

4. Comparatio inter Munus Summi Cancellariatus et Librum.

MUNERE dum nobis prodes, libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt ſæcula quæque tuas;
Munere dum nobis prodes, libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas:
Hæ tibi ſunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus?

5. Æthiopiſſa ambit Ceſtum diverſi Coloris Virum.

QUID mihi ſi facies nigra eſt? hoc, Ceſte, colore
Sunt etiam tenèbræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exuſtâ ſemper ſit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro ſit terra ſolo, quis deſpicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras;
Hoc ſaltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi ſit facies fumus, quas pectore flammas
Jamdudum tacitè delituiſſe putes?
Dure, negas? O fata mihi præſaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuêre genas!

6. In Natales et Paſcha Concurrentes.

CUM tu, *Chriſte*, cadis, naſcor; mentémque ligavit
Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.
O me diſparibus natum cum numine fatis!
Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, *Chriſte*, negas?

Quin moriar tecum: vitam, quam negligis ipſe,
Accipe; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
Hoc mihi legatum triſti ſi funere præſtes,
Chriſte, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi:
Atque ibi per te ſanctificer natalibus ipſis,
In vitam, et nervos paſcha coæva fluet.

7. Ad Johannem Donne, D. D. de uno Sigillorum ejus, Anchora et Chriſto.

QUOD crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi
(Tenere *Chriſtum* ſcilicet, ne aſcenderet)
Tuíve *Chriſtum* devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè eſt tibi, niſi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum: nempè ſymbolum ſuæ
Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis
Quondam feſſus amor loquens amato
Tot et tanta loquens amica; ſcripſit
Tandem et feſſa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui ſcripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
(In quo fas nihil eſt rumpi) donare Sigillum.
Munde, fluas fugiáſque licet, nos noſtráque fixi:
Deridet motus ſancta Catena tuos.

8. In Obitum Sereniſſimæ Reginæ Annæ.

(E Lacrymis Cantabrigienſibus.)

QUO te, felix *Anna*, modo deflere licebit?
Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat:
Ecce meus torpens animus ſuccumbit utrique,
Cui tenuis fama eſt, ingeniumque minus.
Quis, niſi qui manibus *Briareus*, oculiſque ſit *Argus*,
Scribere te dignùm vel lacrymare queat?
Fruſtra igitur ſudo; ſupereſt mihi ſola voluptas,
Quod calamum excuſent Pontus et Aſtra meum:
Namque *Annæ* laudes cœlo ſcribuntur aperto,
Sed luctus noſter ſcribitur Oceano.

9. In Obitum Henrici Principis Walliæ.*

(Ex Epicedio Cantabrigienſi.)

ITE leves (inquam), *Parnaſſia* numina, muſæ!
Non ego vos poſthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
Somnis neſcio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo:
Sed nec *Cirrhæi* ſaltus, *Libethriave* arva
In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens eſt,
Sic quaſi Diis certem, magnos accerſere montes;
Nec vaga de ſummo deducam flumina monte,
Qualia parturiente colunt ſub rupe ſorores:
Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora ſævo
Tota ſtupent luctu) lachrymiſque exæſtuet æquis

* *Fuller*, in his *Church Hiſtory*, Book x. Cent. xvii. ſays, "Give me leave to add one more, untranſlatable for its elegancy and expreſſiveneſs, made by Mr. *George Herbert*:—

'Ulteriora timens cum morte paciſcitur Orbis.'"

Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina ſunto:
Muſa, vale! et tu, *Phœbe!* dolor mea carmina dictet;
Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis
Lumina, nutantes paulatim acquirite vires,
Vivite, dum mortem oſtendam: ſic tempora veſtram
Non comedant famam, ſic nulla oblivia potent.
Quare age, mens! effare, precor, quo numine læſo?
Quæ ſuberant cauſæ? quid nos committere tantum,
Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina luſtrent?
Annon longa fames, miſeræque injuria peſtis
Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum?
Jam felix *Philomela*, et menti conſcia *Dido!*
Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus enſis!
Non metuunt ultra; noſtra infortunia tantum
Fataque, Fortunaſque et ſpem læſere futuram.
Quod ſi fata illi longam invidere ſalutem
Et patrio regno (ſub quo jam Principe nobis
Quid ſperare, immo quid non ſperare licebat?)
Debuit iſta pati prima et non nobilis ætas:
Aut cita mors eſt danda bonis aut longa ſenectus.
Sic lætare animos et ſic oſtendere gemmam
Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
Quare etiam nuper *Pyrii* de pulveris ictu
Principis innocuam ſervâſtis numina vitam
Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere proſtet.
Phœbe, tui puduit, quum ſummo mane redires,
Sol ſine ſole tuo! quum te tum nubibus atris
Totum offuſcari peteres, ut nocte ſilenti
Humana æternos agerent præcordia queſtus:
Tantum etenim veſtras, *Parcæ*, non flectit habenas
Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba ſola es
Cui cæcas tribuit vires annoſa vetuſtas!
Quid non mutatum eſt? requiêrunt flumina curſus:
Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum:
Cur ideo verbis triſtes effundere curas
Expeto, tanquam hæc ſic noſtri medicina doloris?
Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
Ut fluvio currente, vadum ſonat, alta quieſcunt.

NNUPTA *Pallas*, nata *Dieſpatre!*
Æterna ſummæ gloria regiæ!
Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ
Pieridis Latiæque Muſæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis
Quacunque gutta temporis imminent?
Tantaque propendet ſtatera
Regula ſanguinolenta fati?

Numne *Hydra* talis tantaque bellua eſt
Mors tot virorum ſordida ſanguine
Ut mucro rumpatur *Minervæ*
Utque minax ſuperetur Ægis?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cærulum
Uſſiſſe prono fulmine diceris,
Ajacis exeſas triremes
Præcipitans graviore caſu.

Tu diſcidiſti *Gorgoneas* manus
Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,
Furvoſque viciſti Gigantem
Enceladum, pharetramque *Rhæci.*

Ceu victa, muſis porrigit herbulas
Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,
Non ulla *Bellonæ* furentis
Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæſia vocibus
Reſpondit: Eia! ne metuas precor,
Nam fata non juſtis repugnant
Principibus, ſed amica fiunt.

Ut ſi reciſis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,
Fructuſque poſt mortem recuſent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
Dignamque cœlesti corona
Harmoniam dabit inter astra.

10. E Msto. Autog.

UM petit Infantem Princeps, *Grantam*que *Jacobus*,
Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor?
Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus Infans
Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

11. E Msto. Autog.

ERO verius ergo quid sit, audi
Verum, *Gallice*, non libenter audis.

The Synagogue

OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS IN IMITATION OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT

[BY CHRISTOPHER HARVEY M.A.]

Stultiſſimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.
Plin. Sec. lib. i. *Ep.* 5.

I do eſteem't a folly not the leaſt
To imitate examples not the beſt.

LONDON
M DCCC XXXXVI

Advertiſement to the Synagogue.

THE *Synagogue* was firſt publiſhed in 1640,* without the author's name; and the authority for aſcribing the work to *Chriſtopher Harvey* reſts upon the following evidence: In the *Complete Angler*, chap. v. *Walton*, after quoting *George Herbert*, ſays, *And ſince you like theſe verſes of Mr.* Herbert's *ſo well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine, that profeſſes to imitate him, and has indeed done ſo moſt excellently, hath writ of our* Book of Common Prayer; *which I know you will like the better, becauſe he is a friend of mine, and I am ſure no enemy to angling;* then follow the Verſes on the *Book of Common Prayer*, printed in this volume, p. 310, which are ſubſcribed, *Ch. Harvie.* In the ſecond edition of the *Complete Angler*, publiſhed in 1653, will be found Commendatory Verſes, addreſſed to *Walton* by "*Ch. Harvie, M. of Arts.*" In the fourth edition of the *Synagogue* are verſes by

* Printed by *T. L.* for *Phil. Stephens*, and *Chriſtopher Meredith*, at the *Golden Lion*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard.* The ſecond edition enlarged, was publiſhed *Lond.* 1647; third edit. 1657; fourth, 1661; fifth, 1667; ſixth, 1673; ſeventh, 1679; eighth, 1703; ninth, 1709, and ſince with almoſt every edition of the *Temple.*

Walton, addreſſed *to my reverend friend, the Author of the Synagogue*, wherein he ſays,

I loved you for your Synagogue, *before*
I knew your perſon, but now love you more.

From theſe facts there cannot be any doubt that the work is aſſigned to its true author.

Another work, probably by *Ch. Harvie*, is entitled *Schola Cordis; or the Heart of itſelfe gone away from God; brought back againe to him; and inſtructed by him, in* 47 *emblems*, LONDON, *printed for* H. Blunden, *at the* Caſtle *in* Cornhill, 1647, 12mo. pp. 196.* In the edition of 1675 it is ſtated that they were *written by the Author of the* SYNAGOGUE *annexed to Herbert's Poems*; if ſo, this volume muſt be alſo aſcribed to *Chriſtopher Harvey*; it ſhould, however, be obſerved, that it has been reprinted two or three times, within the laſt half century, and aſcribed to *Francis Quarles*, but erroneouſly.

The only *Chriſtopher Harvey* that can be traced in both univerſities, and who probably was our author, is the one mentioned by *Anthony Wood*, who ſays *that he was a miniſter's ſon of* CHESHIRE, *was born in that county, became a battler of* Brazen-Noſe College, *in* 1613, *aged ſixteen years, took the degrees in Arts*,† *that of Maſter being completed in* 1620,

* The ſecond edition was printed in 1674; third in 1675; fourth, 1676; the emblems were taken from a work by *Benedictus Haeftenus*, entitled *Schola Cordis ſive averſi a deo cordis ad eundem reductio et inſtructio, Antv.* 1635.

† B.A. 19th May, 1617; M.A. 10th May, 1620.

holy orders, and at length was made vicar of Clifton *in* Warwickſhire.* *His works are theſe:*

I. ΑΦΗΝΙΑΣΤΗΣ: or, the Right Rebel, a Treatiſe diſcovering the true Uſe of the Name by the Nature of Rebellion, with the Properties and Practices of Rebels. Appliable to all, both old and New Phanatics, by *Chriſtopher Harvey*, Vicar of *Clifton*, in the county of *Warwick*. *Lond.* Printed for *R. Royſton*, Bookſeller to his ſacred Majeſty, 1661, oct. p. 176, beſides title, dedication, and preface, eight leaves.†

II. Faction ſupplanted: or, a Caveat againſt the eccleſiaſtical and ſecular Rebels, in two Parts. 1. A diſcourſe concerning the Nature, Properties, and Practices of Rebels. 2. Againſt the Inconſtancy and inconſiſtent Contrariety of the ſame Pretenſions and Practices, Principles and Doctrines. *Lond.* 1663, oct. "penn'd moſtly in 1642, and finiſhed 3 Ap. 1645. This book, I ſuppoſe (for I have not ſeen it, or the other,) is the ſame with the former, only a new title put to it, to make it vend the better. Another book goes under his name, called *Conditions of Chriſtianity*, printed at *Lond.* in tw. but that, or any other beſides, I have not yet ſeen." *A. Wood, Athenæ Oxon.* ed. *Bliſs*, v. 3, p. 538.

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* By the kindneſs of the Rev. *J. H. C. Moor*, the preſent rector of *Rugby*, the following additional particulars of *Chriſtopher Harvey* have been obtained. He was inſtituted November 14, 1639. On the 12th of June 1642, were baptized *Bridget* and *Mary*, the daughters of *Chriſtopher Harvey*, clerk, and *Margaret*, his wife. In September 24, 1643, a ſon, named *Whitney*, was baptized, who was buried Oct. 11, in the ſame year, (he appears to have been named after the patron of the living of *Clifton*, Sir *Robert Whitney*, knt. of *Whitney*, *Herefordſhire*,) another ſon, named *Thomas*, was baptized Feb. 22, 1645; and on the 4th of April, 1663, was "*buried Mr. Chriſtopher Harvey, vicar of Clifton.*"

† Dedicated to the Hon. Sir *Geoffery Palmer*, knt. and bart. In the preface the author ſtates that it was finiſhed April 3, 1645, and the poſtſcript added March 11, 1660.

III. *An edition of* The Churches Exercise under Affliction: or an exposition of the LXXXV Psalm, by Mr. *Thomas Pierson*, late Rector of *Brompton Brien*, in the county of *Hereford*. *London*, printed for *Philemon Stephens*, at the *Gilded Lion* in *Paul's Church-yard*, 1647, with a dedication by *Ch. Harvey* to his honoured patron, Sir *Robert Whitney*, knight, and a postscript to the Christian Reader.*

IV. *An edition of* The Great Charter of the Church. Containing a Catalogue of gracious privileges granted unto it by the King of Heaven: or an exposition of the LXXXVII Psalm. By Mr. *Thomas Pierson*, &c. as before, with a dedication by *Ch. Harvey*, to Lady *Anne Whitney*.

V. *An edition of* Excellent encouragements against afflictions; or Expositions of four select Psalmes: the XXVII, LXXXIV, LXXXV, and LXXXVII, containing,

1. David's triumph over distresse.
2. David's heart's desire.
3. The Churches exercise under affliction.
4. The Great Charter of the Church.

By the learned and laborious, faithfull and prudent Minister of God's word, Mr. *Thomas Pierson*, late Pasteur of *Brompton-Brien* in the county of *Hereford* [Rom. 15. 4. quoted]. *London*, printed by *John Legatt*, for *Philemon Stephens*; at the *gilded Lion* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, MDCXLVII. 4to.†

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* In the dedication of this work, *Ch. Harvey* says—*And having long agoe put on almost an obstinate resolution never to send mine own name to the presse (except it be, as now I do, to bring to light another man's labour).* This expression tends to shew that he was the writer of other works, but to which he did not affix his name.

† The first, second, third, fourth, and fifth editions of *The Synagogue* were "printed by T. L. for *Philemon Stephens*, at the *gilded Lion* in *Paul's Church-yard*, 1647," who was the publisher of the three last-mentioned works edited by *Christopher Harvey*, from which fact, there can be but little doubt that all the foregoing works are by the same author or editor.

To my Reverend Friend, the Author of The Synagogue.

SIR,

I LOVED you for your *Synagogue*, before
I knew your perſon; but now love you more;
Becauſe I find
It is ſo true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your ſacred lyre
To that eternal quire,
Where holy *Herbert* ſits
(O ſhame to profane wits!)
And ſings his and your Anthems, to the praiſe
Of Him that is the firſt and laſt of days.

Theſe holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth;
For they can raiſe ſad ſouls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have power
To do this: every hour
I read you kills a ſin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight againſt it; and the *Holy Ghoſt*
Supports my frailties, leſt the day be loſt.

This holy War, taught by your happy pen,
The *Prince of Peace* approves. When we poor men

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Author of the [illegible]

[illegible]

S[illegible]
[illegible] gold;
[illegible]
[illegible] band

To try theſe raptures, ſent to my poor teſt:
But ſince your queſtion's, *Are they like the reſt?*
I ſay they are the beſt:
That once conceived, the other is confeſt.

But, Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They're like the father too;
And you like him whoſe ſublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
I ſtoop at ſtars that ſhine below my head.

Herbert! whoſe every ſtrain
Twiſts holy breaſts with happy brain;
So that who ſtrives to be
As elegant as he
Muſt climb Mount *Calvary* for *Parnaſſus'* hill,
And in his Saviour's ſides baptize his quill;
A *Jordan* fit to inſtil
A ſaint-like ſtyle, back'd with an angel's ſkill.

He was our *Solomon*,
And you are our *Centurion;*
Our *Temple* him we owe,
Our *Synagogue* to you:
Where if your piety ſo much allow
That ſtructure with theſe ornaments to endow,
All good men will avow,
Your *Synagogue*, built before, is furniſh'd now.

J. L.

SIR,

WHILE I read your lines, methinks I ſpy
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hierarchy
What potent charms are theſe! you have the knack
To make men young again, and fetch time back.
I've loſt what was beſtow'd on *Judah's* prince,
And am now where I was thrice five years ſince.
The mid-ſpace ſhrunk to nothing, manners, men,
And times, and all look juſt as they did then.
Rubbiſh and ruin's vaniſh'd, every where
Order and comelineſs afreſh appear.
What cannot Poets do? They change with eaſe
The face of things, and lead us as they pleaſe.
Yet here's no fiction neither. We may ſee
The Poet, Prophet; his Verſe, Hiſtory.

A. S.

Jan. 1, 1654.

The Synagogue.

1. Subterliminare.

DIC, cujus Templum? Chriſti. Quis condidit? Ede.

Condidit Herbertus. *Dic, quibus auxiliis?*
Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas eſt.
Tanta eſt ex dictis lis oriunda meis.
Gratia, ſi dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obſtat
Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuiſſe ſua.
Ars negat, et nihil eſt non noſtrum dicit in illo;
Nec facile eſt litem compoſuiſſe mihi.
Divide: materiam det gratia, materiæque
Ingenium cultus induat, arſque modos.
Non: ne diſpliceat pariter res omnibus iſta,
Nec ſortita velint jura vocare ſua.
Nempe pari ſibi jure petunt, cultuſque, modoſque,
Materiamque, ars, et gratia, et ingenium.
Ergo, velit ſi quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De Templo Herberti *talia dicta dabit.*
In Templo Herbertus *condendo eſt gratia totus,*
Ars pariter totus, totus et ingenium.
Cedite Romanæ, Graiiæ quoque cedite Muſæ;
Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

WHAT Church is this? Chriſt's Church. Wh
builded it?
Maſter *George Herbert*. Who aſſiſted it?
Many aſſiſted: who I may not ſay,
So much contention might ariſe that way.
If I ſay grace gave all; wit ſtraight doth thwart,
And ſays, All that is there is mine: but Art
Denies, and ſays, There's nothing there but's min
Nor can I eaſily the right define.
Divide: ſay, Grace the matter gave, and Wit
Did poliſh it: Art meaſured, and made fit,
Each ſeveral piece, and framed it altogether.
No, by no means: this may not pleaſe them neithe
None's well contented with a part alone,
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expreſſions, and the meaſures,
Are equally art's, wit's, and grace's treaſures.
Then he, that would impartially diſcuſs
This doubtful queſtion, muſt anſwer thus:
In building of his Temple, Maſter *Herbert*

3. The Dedication.

LORD, my firſt fruits ſhould have been ſent
For thou the tree, [to thee;
That bare them, only lenteſt unto me.

But while I had the uſe, the fruit was mine:
Not ſo divine
As that I dare preſume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the ground:
And ſince I found
It bruiſed in the dirt, nor clean, nor ſound.

Some I have pick'd, and wiped, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'ſt how:
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the beſt,
Accept the reſt.
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh bleſt.

4. The Church-yard.

THOU that intendeſt to the Church to day,
Come, take a turn, or two, before thou go'ſt,
In the Churchyard; the walk is in thy way.
Who takes beſt heed in going, haſteth moſt:
But he that unprepared raſhly ventures,
Haſtens perhaps to ſeal his death's indentures.

5. The Church-Stile.

SEEST thou that ſtile? Obſerve then how it
Step after ſtep, and equally deſcends: [riſes,
Such is the way to win Celeſtial prizes:
Humility the courſe begins, and ends.
Wouldſt thou in grace to high perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thyſelf, and God will lift thee up:
Thoſe that exalt themſelves he caſteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to ſup;
And clothes the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou haſt, what thou from him wouldſt have:
His labour's loſt, if thou thyſelf canſt ſave.

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
Which caſteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riſeth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loſe by keeping,
Is to be ſad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

6. The Church-Gate.

NEXT to the ſtile, ſee where the gate doth ſtand,
Which, turning upon hooks and hinges may
Eaſily be ſhut, or open'd with a hand:

Yet conſtant to its centre ſtill doth ſtay;
And fetching a wide compaſs round about,
Keeps the ſame courſe, and diſtance, never out.

Such muſt the courſe be that to heaven tends;
He that the gates of righteouſneſs would enter,
Muſt ſtill continue conſtant to his ends,
And fix himſelf in God, as in his centre.
Cleave cloſe to him by faith, then move which way
Diſcretion leads thee, and thou ſhalt not ſtray.

We never wander, till we looſe our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:
But, when we grow of our own ſtrength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aſide.
He holds us up, whilſt in him we are found:
If once we fall from him, we go to ground.

7. The Church-Walls.

NOW view the walls: the Church is compaſſ'd round,
As much for ſafety, as for ornament:
'Tis an incloſure, and no common ground;
'Tis God's freehold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be:
Our children have the ſame right to't as we.

Remember there muſt be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenced, for fear of falſe illuſions.

God will have all, or none: allows no ſcope
For ſin's encroachments, or men's own intruſions.
Cloſe binding locks his Laws together faſt:
He that plucks out the firſt, pulls down the laſt.

Either reſolve for all, or elſe for none;
Obedience univerſal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt take aim:
He that of purpoſe looks beſide the mark,
Might as well hood-wink'd ſhoot, or in the dark.

8. The Church.

LASTLY, conſider where the Church doth ſtand,
As near unto the middle as may be;
God in his ſervice chiefly doth command
Above all other things ſincerity.
Lines drawn from ſide to ſide within a round,
Not meeting in the centre, ſhort are found.

Religion muſt not ſide with any thing
That ſwerves from God, or elſe withdraws from him;
He that a welcome ſacrifice would bring,
Muſt fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A ſacred Temple of the Holy Ghoſt
Each part of man muſt be, but his heart moſt.

Hypocriſy in Church is Alchemy,
That caſts a golden tincture upon braſs:
There is no eſſence in it: 'tis a lie,
Though, fairly ſtamp'd, for truth it often paſs:
Only the ſpirits *aqua regia* doth
Diſcover it to be but painted froth.

9. The Church-Porch.

NOW, ere thou paſſeſt further, ſit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou haſt ſeen;
Let due conſideration either crown,
Or cruſh, thy former purpoſes. Between
Raſh undertakings, and firm reſolutions,
Depends the ſtrength, or weakneſs, of concluſions.

Trace thy ſteps backward in thy memory:
And firſt reſolve of, what thou heardeſt laſt,
Sincerity; It blots the hiſtory
Of all religious actions, and doth blaſt
The comfort of them, when in them God ſees
Nothing but outſides of formalities.

In earneſt be religious, trifle not;
And rather for God's ſake, than for thine own:
Thou haſt robb'd him, unleſs that he have got
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good: who ſeeketh more
Himſelf than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to ſincerity, remember ſtill,
Thou muſt reſolve upon integrity.
God will have all thou haſt, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves, when God, that ſhould have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having given him all, thou muſt receive
All that he gives. Meet his Commandment:
Reſolve that thine obedience muſt not leave,
Until it reach unto the ſame extent.
For all his Precepts are of equal ſtrength,
And meaſure thy performance to the length:

Then call to mind that conſtancy muſt knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions faſt:
He that ſets forth towards heaven, and doth ſit
Down by the way, will be found ſhort at laſt.
Be conſtant to the end, and thou ſhalt have
A heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he that would be conſtant, muſt not take
Religion up by fits, and ſtarts alone;
But his continual practice muſt it make:
His courſe muſt be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again,
Loſe of their length, though in their ſtrength they gain.

Laſtly, remember that Humility
Muſt ſolidate, and keep all cloſe together.
What pride puffs up with vain futility,

Lies open and expoſed to all ill weather.
An empty bubble may fair colours carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Another's worth; but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy ſpiritual ſtate,
And other's graces, with impartial eye.
The more thou deemeſt of thyſelf, the leſs
Eſteem of thee will all men elſe expreſs.

Contract thy leſſon now, and this is juſt
The ſum of all. He that deſires to ſee
The face of God, in his Religion muſt
Sincere, entire, conſtant, and humble be.
If thus reſolved, fear not to proceed: [ſpeed.
Elſe the more haſte thou makeſt, the worſe thou'lt

10. Church-Utenſils.

BETWIXT two dangerous rocks, Profaneneſs on
The one ſide, on the other Superſtition,
How ſhall I ſail ſecure?
Lord, be my ſteerſman, hold my helm,
And then though winds with waves o'erwhelm
My ſails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the ſea
Is ſafe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,
And cry, A fig for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to deſpiſe my rhymes,
Becauſe they tune not to the times,
I wiſh may not intrude
His preſence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love God's houſe, will like his houſehold ſtuff.

11. The Font.

THE Font, I ſay. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of ſtone?
Is not that bleſſed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from ſin and uncleanneſs waſheth clear?

And may not beggars well contented be
Their firſt alms at the door to take?
Though, when acquainted better, they may ſee
Others within that bolder make.
Low places will ſerve gueſts of low degree.

What? Is he not the rock, out of whoſe ſide
Thoſe ſtreams of water-blood run forth?
The elect and precious corner-ſtone well tried?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and ſtone veſſels are allied.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter; yet, until
The bleſſed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you ſhall not kill.

To want a complement of comelineſs
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the preſent make my joy go leſs:
Yet I will hug mine homely ſtate,
And poverty with patience richly dreſs.

Regeneration is all in all,
Waſhing, or ſprinkling, but the ſign,
The ſeal, and inſtrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as the other, mine,
And my poſterity's, as federal.

If temporal eſtates may be convey'd,
By covenants on condition,
To men, and to their heirs; be not afraid,
My ſoul, to reſt upon
The covenant of grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience,
Whenever practiſed truly, will amount
To an authentic evidence,
Though the deed were antedated at the Font.

And at her mother-nurſe, the Church's dugs
With labouring lips and tongue ſhe tugs,
For that ſincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new-born of immortal ſeed:
Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
Muſt be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclud
Sure have a purpoſe to obtrude
Some dictates of their own, inſtead of God's
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
They do not mean to pay men current coin,
Who ſeek the ſtandard to purloin,
And would reduce all trials to their own,
But touch-ſtones, balances, and weights, alone.

What reaſonable man would not miſdoubt
Thoſe Comments, that the text leave out?
And that their main intent is alteration,
Who dote ſo much on variation,
That no ſet Forms at all they can endure
To be preſcribed, or put in ure?

But why ſhould he, that thinks himſelf well grown,
Be diſcontent that ſuch a one,
As knows himſelf an infant yet, ſhould be
Dandled upon his mother's knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More ſtrength and ſtomach? Why ſhould not
Nurſlings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind.

Let them that would build caſtles in the air,
Vault thither, without ſtep or ſtair;
Inſtead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,
And think their turrets top the ſky.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and ſure, though ſlow.

To take degrees, *per ſaltum*, though of quick
Diſpatch, is but a truant's trick.
Let us learn firſt to know our letters well,
Then ſyllables, then words to ſpell;
Then to read plainly, ere we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not always true,
Whoſe way to the Pulpit's not the reading Pew.

13. The Book of Common Prayer.

WHAT Prayer by the book? and Common?
Yes. Why not?
The ſpirit of grace,
And ſupplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or ſpeak by rote,
Is all alike to him that prays
With's heart, that with his mouth he ſays.

They that in private by themſelves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they pleaſe,
In chooſing of the ways,
Wherein to make
Their ſoul's moſt intimate affections known
To him that ſees in ſecret, when
They are moſt conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should chooſe to do it ſo,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and ſay
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaſpheme, when they ſhould have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter.
And why ſhould not
That, which Authority
Preſcribes, eſteemed be
Advantage got?
If the Prayer be good, the commoner, the better.
Prayer in the Church's words, as well
As ſenſe, of all prayers bears the bell.

14. The Bible.

THE Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books; [deed,
On which who looks,
As he ſhould do, aright, ſhall never need
Wiſh for a better light
To guide him in the night:

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring ſtomach and digeſtion good:
And if he be amiſs,
This the beſt Phyſic is.

The true Panchreſton 'tis for every ſore
And ſickneſs, which
The poor, and rich

With equal eaſe may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An antidote, as well
As remedy 'gainſt Hell.

'Tis heaven in perſpective, and the bliſs
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
Whilſt faith to every word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glaſs of ſouls, wherein
All men may ſee,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature they are, deform'd with ſin;
Or in a better caſe,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of ſpiritual arms,
Wherein doth lie
The artillery
Of heaven, ready charged againſt all harms,
That might come by the blows
Of our infernal foes.

God's Cabinet of reveal'd counſel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd ſo,
That every man may know which ſhall be his;
Unleſs his own miſtake
Falſe application make.

It is the Index to Eternity.
He cannot miſs
Of endleſs bliſs,
That takes this chart to ſteer his voyage by.
Nor can he be miſtook,
That ſpeaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compared
For excellence;
Pre-eminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be ſhared.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I ſhould
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expreſſion, as too bold,
His thoughts in ſilence ſmother,
Till he find ſuch another.

15. The Pulpit.

THIS dinner time: and now I look
For a full meal. God ſend me a good Cook:
This is the dreſſer-board, and here
I wait in expectation of good cheer.

I'm ſure the Maſter of the houſe
Enough to entertain his gueſts allows:
And not enough of ſome one ſort alone,
But choice of what beſt fitteth every one.

God grant me taſte and ſtomach good:
My feeding will diverſify my food;
'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digeſtion, that makes good meat.
The beſt food in itſelf will be,
Not fed on well, poiſon, not food, to me.
Let him that ſpeaks look to his words; my e
Muſt careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of Heaven, Angels' food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating, more and greater, grow
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine; where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will; provided that he would
Take nothing to himſelf, but what he ſhould.

Here the ſame fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oil, Honey, and the wc
Of all tranſcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitneſs anſwerable; ſo
That none needs hence unſatisfied go,
Whoſe ſtomach ſerves him unto any thing,
That health, ſtrength, comfort, or content can

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilſt they ſpare
To come and take it, they muſt blame
Themſelves, if they continue ſtill the ſame.
The body's fed by food, which it
Aſſimilates, and to itſelf doth fit:
But, that the ſoul may feed, itſelf muſt be
Transformed to the Word, with it agree.

To milk the ſtrongeſt men muſt be
As new born babes, whenever they it ſee,
Deſiring, not deſpiſing it.
For ſtrong meat babes muſt ſtay, and ſtrive to fit
Themſelves in time, until they can
Get by degrees (which beſt beſeem a man)
Experience-exerciſed ſenſes, able
Good to diſcern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I ſee
The ſteward reaching out a meſs for me:
Reſolve I'll take it thankfully,
Whate'er it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no *Benjamin's* choice meſs,
Five times as much as others, but far leſs;
Yea, if it be but a baſket full of crumbs,
I'll bleſs the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited gueſt, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withal, ſit ſtill
And ſee what the Maſter of the feaſt
Will carve unto me, and account that beſt

Which he doth chooſe for me, not I
Myſelf deſire: yea, though I ſhould eſpy
Some fault in the dreſſing, in the diſhing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholeſome, though
The ſauce ſhall not be toothſome, I'll not go
Empty away, and ſtarve my ſoul,
To feed my fooliſh fancy; but control
My appetite to dainty things,
Which oft inſtead of ſtrength diſeaſes brings:
But, if my Pulpit-hopes ſhall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading Pew again.

16. The Communion Table.

HERE ſtands my banquet ready, the laſt courſe,
And beſt proviſion,
That I muſt feed upon,
Till death my ſoul and body ſhall divorce,
And that I am
Call'd to the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, ſome the holy Table.
The name I ſtick not at,
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, ſo that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called ſo.

And for the matter whereof it is made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of tuch,
Or wood, or metal, what will laſt, or fade;
So vanity
And ſuperſtition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to ſee it found
Of any faſhion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round:
If cloſe it be,
Fix'd, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet, methinks, at a Communion
In uniformity
There's greateſt decency,
And that which maketh moſt for union:
But needleſsly
To vary, tends to the breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a party make
For faction,
Or ſide, but ſeemingly, in the action.

At a Communion I wiſh I might
Have no cauſe to ſuſpect
Any, the leaſt, defect

Of unity and peace, either in ſight
Apparently,
Or in men's hearts concealed ſecretly.

That, which ordained is to make men one,
More than before they were,
Should not itſelf appear,
Though but appear, diſtinctly divers. None
Too much can ſee
Of what, when moſt, yet but enough can be.

If others will diſſent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may,
As hath been done alway,
By the beſt, and moſt; I will myſelf do ſo.
Of one accord
The ſervants ſhould be of one God, one Lord.

17. Communion Plate.

NEVER was gold, or ſilver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this blood, to us
Is more
Than to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For ſtar-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious ſtones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
Spirits of pearls diſſolved would but dead
This wine.
This heavenly food
Is too too good
To be compared to any earthly thing.

For ſuch ineſtimable treaſure can
There be
Veſſels too coſtly made by any man?
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wiſh to ſee it richly ſerved in.

Although 'tis true, that ſanctity's not tied
To ſtate,
Yet ſure Religion ſhould not be envied
The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be ſet forth
As beſt becomes the ſervice of a King.

A King unto whoſe croſs all Kings muſt vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full courſe ſtrike ſail:
Whoſe frowns
And ſmiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.

A King, whoſe will is juſtice: and whoſe word
Is power,
And wiſdom both. A King, whom to afford
An hour
Of ſervice truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to beſpeak eternity of bliſs.

When ſuch a King offers to come to me
As food,
Shall I ſuppoſe his carriages can be
Too good?
No: Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough to be employed ſo.

If I might wiſh then, I would have this bread,
This wine,
Veſſel'd in what the Sun might bluſh to ſhed
His ſhine,
When he ſhould ſee:
But, till that be,
I'll reſt contented with it, as it is.

18. Church-Officers.

STAY. Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
A tender matter to be touch'd.
If I chance to ſay any thing amiſs,
Which is not fit to be avouch'd,

I muſt expect whole ſwarms of waſps to ſting me,
Few, or no bees, honey or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing
As Officers, but gifted men;
Others into the number more would bring,
Than I ſee warrant for: So then,
All that I ſay, 'tis like, will cenſured be,
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter; If men cenſure me,
They but my fellow ſervants are:
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.
I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to pleaſe men: and, if I diſpleaſe any,
I will not care, ſo they be of the Many.

19. The Sexton.

THE Church's key-keeper opens the door,
And ſhuts it, ſweeps the floor,
Rings bells, digs graves, and fills them up again;
All Emblems unto men,
Openly owning Chriſtianity,
To mark, and learn many good leſſons by.

O thou that haſt the key of *David*, who
Open'ſt and ſhutteſt ſo,
That none can ſhut or open after thee,
Vouchſafe thyſelf to be

Our ſoul's door-keeper, by thy bleſſed ſpirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanſe thou our ſin-ſoiled ſouls from the dirt
Of every noiſome luſt,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections:
The beſom of afflictions,
With the bleſſing of thy ſpirit added to it,
If thou be pleaſed to ſay it ſhall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd
Jangled they have, and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They ſeem not now the ſame.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them ſo, that they may chime all in.

Let all our ſins be buried in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal ſhame,
And the ſcandal of thy name.
Let's as door keepers in thine houſe attend,
Rather than the throne of wickedneſs aſcend.

20. The Clerk.

THE Church's Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utenſils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen;
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments

Brings in the Elements,
And takes them out again;
Is humble minded, and induſtrious handed,
Doth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the Veſſels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
As they are: if his holy eye
Do any ſpot eſpy,
He cannot it endure;
But moſt expecteth to be ſanctified
In thoſe come neareſt him, and glorified.

Pſalms then are always tuned beſt,
When there is moſt expreſt
The holy Penman's heart:
All Muſic is but diſcord where
That wants, or doth not bear
The firſt and chiefeſt part.
Voices, without affections anſwerable,
When beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
The outward Elements
Are but as huſks and ſhells;
Yet he that knows the kernel's worth,
If even thoſe ſend forth
Some Aromatic ſmells,
Will not eſteem it waſte, leſt, Judas-like,
Through *Mary's* ſide he Chriſt himſelf ſhould ſtrike.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to ſpeak or think, well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleaſing be,
Not to ourſelves but thee,
And anſwer thy command:
So that, not we alone, but thou mayſt ſay
Amen to all our prayers, pray'd the right way.

21. The Overſeer of the Poor.

THE Church's Almoner takes care, that none
In their neceſſity
Shall unprovided be
Of maintenance, or employment; thoſe alone,
Whom careleſs Idleneſs,
Or riotous exceſs,
Condemns to needleſs want, he leaves to be
Chaſten'd a while by their own poverty.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thyſelf, doſt give
To all men liberally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our being:
But there is more than ſeeing.
For the poor with thee: they are thy ſpecial charge
To them thou doſt thine heart and hand enlarge.

Four ſorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'ſt.
Though always differently,
With ſuch indifferency,
That none hath reaſon to complain: thou heal'ſt
All thoſe whom thou doſt wound:
If there be any found
Hurt by themſelves, thou leaveſt them to endure
The pain, till the pain render them fit for cure.

Some in the world are poor, but rich in faith:
Their outward poverty
A plentiful ſupply
Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
And their eſtate is bleſt,
In this above the reſt,
It was thy choice, whilſt thou on earth didſt ſtay,
And hadſt not whereupon thy head to lay.

Some poor in ſpirit in the world are rich,
Although not many ſuch:
And no man needs to grutch
Their happineſs, who to maintain that pitch,
Have a hard taſk in hand,
Nor eaſily can withſtand
The ſtrong temptations that attend on riches:
Mountains are more expoſed to ſtorms than ditches.

Some rich in the world are ſpiritually poor,
And deſtitute of grace,
Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth; but heaven's door

Too narrow is to admit
Such camels in at it,
Till they ſell all they have, that field to buy,
Wherein the true treaſure doth hidden lie.

Some ſpiritually poor, and deſtitute
Of grace in the world are poor,
Begging from door to door,
Accurſed both in God's and man's repute,
Till by their miſeries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungering and thirſting after righteouſneſs,
Whilſt they're on earth, their greateſt happineſs.

Lord, make me poor in ſpirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thyſelf,
No want of worldly pelf
Shall make me diſcontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine alms are beſt:
But, above all the reſt,
Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to countercharm the witches.

22. The Church-Warden.

THE Church's guardian takes care to keep
Her buildings always in repair,
Unwilling that any decay ſhould creep
On them, before he is aware.

Nothing defaced,
Nothing diſplaced
He likes; but moſt doth long and love to ſee
The living ſtones order'd as they ſhould be.

Lord, thou not only ſuperviſor art
Of all our works, but in all thoſe,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefeſt part;
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well;
Nor can we tell
What we ſhould do, unleſs by thee directed:
It proſpers not that's by ourſelves projected.

That which we think ourſelves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worſe:
Reforming of Religion by war
Is the chymic bleſſing of a curſe.
Great odds it is
That we ſhall miſs
Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.

'Tis ſtrange we ſo much dote upon our own
Deformity, and others ſcorn:
As if ourſelves were beautiful alone;
When that which did us moſt adorn
We purpoſely
Chooſe to lay by,
Such decency and order, as did place us
In higheſt eſteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
When clothed in needle-work without?
Or is't not rather both their ſhame and ſin,
That change her robe into a clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to ſtand
Her need in any ſtead, much leſs to be
An ornament fit for her high degree?

Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her breaches;
Clothe all her enemies with ſhame:
All the deſpite that's done unto her reaches
To the diſhonour of thy name.
Make all her ſons
Rich precious ſtones,
To ſhine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy fulneſs grace for grace.

23. The Deacon.

THE Deacon! That's the Miniſter.
True, taken generally;
And without any ſiniſter
Intent, uſed ſpecially,
He's purpoſely ordained to Miniſter,
In ſacred things, to another officer.

At whoſe appointment, in whoſe ſtead,
He doth what he ſhould do,

In ſome things, not in all: is led
By Law, and cuſtom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this ſufficient authority:

Loves not to vary, when he ſees
No great neceſſity;
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humility;
Knowing how highly God ſubmiſſion prizes,
Pleaſed with obedience more than ſacrifices.

Lord, thou didſt of thyſelf profeſs
Thou waſt as one that ſerved,
And freely chooſeſt to go leſs,
Though none ſo much deſerved.
With what face can we then refuſe to be
Enter'd thy ſervants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humility;
But we, proud generation,
No difference of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay, more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly ſerve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If ſtill from both we ſwerve,
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How to uſe the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the bleſſing of thy ſpirit,
Whom thou haſt left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And miniſter to thee,
Though not ſo well as thou mayſt well expect,
Yet ſo, as thou wilt pleaſed be to accept.

24. The Prieſt.

HE Prieſt I ſay, the Preſbyter, I mean,
As now-a-days he's call'd
By many men: but I chooſe to retain
The name wherewith inſtall'd
He was at firſt in our own mother tongue:
And doing ſo, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Prieſt, I ſay, 's a middle Officer,
Between the Biſhop and
The Deacon; as a middle offerer,
Which in the Church doth ſtand
Between God and the people, ready preſſ'd
In the behalf of both to do his beſt.

From him to them offers the promiſes
Of mercy which he makes;
For them to him doth all their faults confeſs,
Their prayers and praiſes takes;
And offers for them, at the throne of grace,
Contentedly attending his own place.

The Word and Sacraments, the means of grace,
He duly doth diſpenſe,
The flouriſhes of falſehood to deface,
With truth's clear evidence;
And ſin's uſurped tyranny ſuppreſs,
By advancing righteouſneſs, and holineſs.

The public cenſures of the Church he ſees
To execution brought:
But nothing raſhly of himſelf decrees,
Nor covets to be thought
Wiſer than his ſuperiors; whom always
He actively, or paſſively, obeys.

Lord Jeſus, thou the Mediator art
Of the new Teſtament,
And fully didſt perform thy double part
Of God and man, when ſent
To reconcile the world, and to atone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Yea, after the order of Melchiſedeck,
Thou art a Prieſt for ever.
With perfect righteouſneſs thyſelf doſt deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thyſelf make all thy Prieſts on earth,
Bleſſ'd fathers to thy ſons of the ſecond birth.

Thou cameſt to do the will of him that ſent thee,
And didſt his honour ſeek
More than thine own: well may it then repent thee,

Which by the blessing of thy s
Whom thou hast left
Thy Vicar here, we may in
And minister to th
Though not so well as thou
Yet so, as thou wilt pleased
...nsform
...thing:
..., and peace,
...ontention cease.

24.

THE Priest I
As no
By many men: I

The Bishop.

Th... Yes, why not? What doth
He was at first ...awful, or unfit? [that name
And doing so ...eer is the same
...d no hurt, I hope, in it:
The Priest. ...men did not despise the thing,
The Dea... upon the name they would not fling.

...ls, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
Betwee... ...eer of his several cure;
In the ...Superior, to oversee
...together, they will not endure:
Fro... the main difference is, that I can see,
Fc... they would not have, but they would be.

...can show of old that ever any
...ries without their Bishops were:
...Bishops without Presbyteries many,

Being thyſelf ſo meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of ſons, that ſeek their fathers to diſgrace.

Lord, grant that the abuſe may be reform'd,
Before it ruin bring
Upon thy poor deſpiſed Church, transform'd
As if 'twere no ſuch thing:
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
Make curſed confuſion and contention ceaſe.

25. The Biſhop.

THE Biſhop? Yes, why not? What doth
Import that is unlawful, or unfit? [that name
To ſay the Overſeer is the ſame
In ſubſtance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:
But ſure if men did not deſpiſe the thing,
Such ſcorn upon the name they would not fling.

Some Prieſts, ſome Preſbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overſeer of his ſeveral cure;
But one Superior, to overſee
Them altogether, they will not endure:
This the main difference is, that I can ſee,
Biſhops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can ſhow of old that ever any
Preſbyteries without their Biſhops were:
Though Biſhops without Preſbyteries many,

At firſt muſt needs be, almoſt every where?
That Preſbyters from Biſhops firſt aroſe,
To aſſiſt them, 's probable, not theſe from thoſe.

However, a true Biſhop I eſteem
The higheſt Officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to itſelf, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect birth,
If conſtituted ſo at firſt, and maim'd,
If whom it had, it afterwards diſclaim'd.

All order firſt from unity ariſeth,
And the eſſence of it is ſubordination:
Whoever this contemns, and that deſpiſeth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
To aſcribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are diſtinct,
And ſeveral duties, ſeverally belong
To ſeveral perſons, can no more be link'd
In altogether, than amidſt the throng
Of rude unruly paſſions, in the heart,
Reaſon can ſee to act her ſovereign part.

But a good Biſhop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd;
And reverenced by it, ſo much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Than puniſh any, when they go aſtray.

Lord, thou the Biſhop, and chief Shepherd, art
Of all that flock, which thou haſt purchaſed
With thine own blood: to them thou doſt impart
The benefits which thou haſt merited,
Teaching, and ruling, by thy bleſſed Spirit,
Their ſouls in grace, till glory they inherit:

The ſtars which thou doſt hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to underſtand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our new politics,
Provoke thee to remove our candle-ſticks;

But let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praiſe to adorn thine holy ones:
Light and perfection let all men ſee
Brightly ſhine forth in thoſe rich precious ſtones;
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raiſe thy new Hieruſalem upon.

And, at the brightneſs of its riſing, let
All nations with thy people ſhout for joy:
Salvation for walls and bulwarks ſet
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole world thy Dioceſs ſhall be,
And Biſhops all but Suffragans to Thee.

26. Church Feſtivals.

MARROW of time, Eternity in brief
Compendiums Epitomized, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all paſt, preſent, and ſucceeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holineſs,
The inventories
Of future bleſſedneſs,
The Florilegia of celeſtial ſtories,
Spirits of joys, the reliſhes and cloſes
Of Angels' muſic, pearls diſſolved, roſes
Perfumed, ſugar'd honey-combs, delights
Never too highly prized,
The marriage rites,
Which duly ſolemnized
Uſher eſpouſed ſouls to bridal nights,
Gilded ſun-beams, refined Elixirs,
And quinteſſential extracts of ſtars:
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profeſs
That he loves God, or heaven, or happineſs.

27. The Sabbath; or Lord's Day.

HAIL
Holy
King of days,
Vail
Wholly
To thy praiſe,

The Emperor,
Or Univerſal [week's
Monarch of time, the
Perpetual Dictator.
Thy
Beauty
Far exceeds
The reach of art,
To blazon fully;
And I thy light eclipſe,
When I moſt ſtrive to raiſe
[thee.
What
Nothing
Elſe can be,
Thou only art;
The extracted ſpirit
Of all Eternity,
By favour antedated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body ſo,
That my ſoul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to ſix days owe.

For evermore
Muſt the rehearſal
Of all, that honour ſeeks,
Under the world's Crea-
My [tor.
Duty
Yet muſt needs
Yield thee mine heart,
And that not dully:
Spirits of ſouls, not lips
Alone, are fit to praiſe
[thee.
That
Slow thing
Time by thee
Hath got the ſtart,
And doth inherit
That immortality
Which ſin anticipated.

28. The Annunciation, or Lady-Day.

UNTO the muſic of the ſpheres
Let men, and Angels, join in concert theirs.
So great a meſſenger
From heaven to earth
Is ſeldom ſeen,
Attired in ſo much glory;
A meſſage welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any ſtory:
This by a double right, if any, may
Be truly ſtyled the world's birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er coſt
So dear, by much, as to redeem it loſt.
God ſaid but, *Let it be*,
And every thing
Was made ſtraightway,
So as he ſaw it good:
But ere that he could ſee
A courſe to bring
Man gone aſtray
To the place where he ſtood,
His wiſdom with his mercy, for man's ſake,
Againſt his juſtice part did take.

And the reſult was this day's news
Able the meſſenger himſelf to amuſe,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though ſhe were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb
A ſon ſhe ſhould
Conceive and bear,
As ſure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour ſhe poſſeſſ'd,
Being among all women bleſſ'd.

But bleſſ'd eſpecially in this,
That ſhe believed, and for eternal bliſs
Relied on him, whom ſhe
Herſelf ſhould bear,
And her own ſon
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they hear,
As ſhe had done,
Suit their behaviour,
They may be bleſſed, as ſhe was, and ſay,
'Tis their Annunciation-day.

29. The Nativity, or Chriſtmas-Day.

UNFOLD thy face, unmaſk thy ray,
Shine forth bright ſun, double the day.
Let no malignant miſty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once preſume
To interpoſe thy perfect ſight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That bleſſed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And centre of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treaſure
Unconfined without meaſure,
Whoſe centre, and circumference,
Including all pre-eminence,
Excluding nothing but defect,
And infinite in each reſpect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and every where,
And always, one, himſelf, the ſame,
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely pour
Forth all thy light into that hour,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not his birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

30. The Circumciſion, or New-Year's Day.

SORROW betide my ſins! Muſt ſmart ſo ſoon
Seize on my Saviour's tender fleſh ſcarce grown
Unto an eighth day's age?
Can nothing elſe aſſuage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood?
Innocent infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world, great God!
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the rod
Of ſin-incenſed wrath?
Alas, what pleaſure hath
Thy Father's juſtice to begin thy paſſion,
Almoſt together with thine incarnation?

Is it to antedate thy death? To indite
Thy condemnation himſelf, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beeſt born mortal, and canſt die?

If man muſt needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stays he not till thy time be come to die?
Didſt thou thus early bleed
For us to ſhow what need

We have to haſten unto thee as faſt;
And learn that all the time is loſt that's paſſ'd?

'Tis true, we ſhould do ſo: Yet in this blood
There's ſomething elſe, that muſt be underſtood;
It ſeals thy covenant,
That ſo we may not want
Witneſs enough againſt thee, that thou art
Made ſubject to the Law, to act our part.

The ſacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be; it gives no intimation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy righteouſneſs is mine.

In holy Baptiſm this is brought to me,
As that in Circumciſion was to thee:
So that thy loſs and pain
Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy Circumciſion writ thy death in blood:
Baptiſm in water ſeals my livelihood.

O bleſſed change! Yet, rightly underſtood,
That blood was water, and this water 's blood.
What ſhall I give again,
To recompenſe thy pain?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this ſmart:
To quit thy fore-ſkin, circumciſe my heart.

31. The Epiphany, or Twelfth-Day.

GREAT, without controverſy great,
They that do know it will confeſs
The myſtery of godlineſs;
Whereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God in the fleſh is manifeſt,
And that which hath for ever been
Inviſible, may now be ſeen,
The eternal deity new dreſt.

Angels to ſhepherds brought the news:
And Wiſe men, guided by a Star,
To ſeek the ſun, are come from far:
Gentiles have got the ſtart of Jews.

The ſtable and the manger hide
His glory from his own; but theſe
Though ſtrangers, his reſplendent rays
Of Majeſty divine have ſpied.

Gold, frankincenſe, and myrrh, they give;
And worſhipping him plainly ſhow,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whoſe free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a veil of fleſh,
The ſun of righteouſneſs appears,
Melting cold cares, and froſty fears,
And making joys ſpring up afreſh.

O that his light and influence,
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others ſhine;
And guide them to that ſun divine,
Whoſe day-light never ſhall expire.

32. The Paſſion, or Good Friday.

THIS day my Saviour died: and do I live?
What, hath not ſorrow ſlain me yet?
Did the immortal God vouchſafe to give
His life for mine, and do I ſet
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of bliſs?

Did his free mercy, and mere love to me,
Make him forſake his glorious throne,
And mount a croſs, the ſtage of infamy,
That ſo he might not die alone;
But dying ſuffer more through grief and ſhame,
Than mortal men have power to name?

And can ingratitude ſo far prevail,
To keep me living ſtill? Alas!
Methinks ſome thorn out of his crown, ſome nail,
At leaſt his ſpear, might pierce, and paſs
Thorough, and thorough, till it rived mine heart,
As the right death-deſerving part.

And doth he not expect it ſhould be ſo?
Would he lay down a price ſo great,
And not look that his purchaſes ſhould grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His juſt deſire? O no, it cannot be:
His death muſt needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did die
That I might live: yet died ſo,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorough the gates of death muſt go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his death to bear.

Die then, dull ſoul, and if thou canſt not die,
Diſſolve thyſelf into a Sea
Of living tears, whoſe ſtreams may ne'er go dry,
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joys, but thoſe alone,
Which ſorrow claimeth for its own.

For ſorrow hath its joys: and I am glad
That I would grieve, if I do not:
But, if I neither could, nor would, be ſad

And ſorrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he grieved for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief ſhould be,
If I could grieve ſo, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth ſee,
And will accept, that died for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou haſt given them unto me;
So my deſires to grieve and die are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee.
Not for my ſake then, but thine own, be pleaſed
With that, which thou thyſelf haſt raiſed.

33. The Reſurrection, or Eaſter-Day.

UP, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why doſt thou ſtay,
Dull ſoul? Behold, the door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee riſe,
Whoſe power hath vanquiſh'd all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whilſt in the grave thou lieſt:

He that doth give
Thee life would have thee prize 't
More highly than to keep it buried, where
Thou canſt not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenneſs,
And duſt ſo pleaſant to thee,
That happineſs,
And heaven, cannot woo thee,
To ſhake thy ſhackles off, and leave behind thee
Thoſe fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou ſay'ſt,
Thou art buried with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'ſt,
To ſhow, by thy behaviour,
That thou art riſen with him; Till thou ſhine
Like him, how canſt thou ſay his light is thine?

Early he roſe,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou ſluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-ſun beams draw up thy drowſy head?

Open thine eyes,
Sin-ſeized ſoul, and ſee
What cobweb-ties
They are, that trammel thee;
Not profits, pleaſures, honours, as thou thinkeſt;
But loſs, pain, ſhame, at which thou vainly winkeſt.

All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought
With his heart's blood;
And it muſt there be ſought,
Where he keeps reſidence, who roſe this day:
Linger no longer then; up, and away.

34. The Aſcenſion, or Holy Thurſday.

MOUNT, mount, my ſoul, and climb, or rather
With all thy force on high, [fly
Thy Saviour roſe not only, but aſcended;
And he muſt be attended
Both in his conqueſt and his triumph too.
His glories ſtrongly woo
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full luſtre, until both be there,

Where he now ſits, not for himſelf alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are lone men, they ſay;
And doſt thou think to ſtay
Behind on earth, whilſt thy King reigns in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happineſs bereaven?

Nothing that thou canſt think worth having 's here.
Nothing is wanting there,

That thou canſt wiſh, to make thee truly bleſt.
And, above all the reſt,
Thy life is hid with God in Jeſus Chriſt,
Higher than what is high'ſt.
O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where miſery every moment drowns thy mirth.

But tower, my ſoul, and ſoar above the ſkies,
Where thy true treaſure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy fleet thoughts, and ſprightly wiſhes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt aſpire,
Aſcend, if not in deed, yet in deſire.

35. Whit-Sunday.

NAY, ſtartle not to hear that ruſhing wind,
Wherewith this place is ſhaken:
Attend a while, and thou ſhalt quickly find,
How much thou art miſtaken;
If thou think here
Is any cauſe of fear.

Seeſt thou not how on thoſe twelve reverend heac
Sit cloven tongues of fire?
And as the rumour of that wonder ſpreads,
The multitude admire

To ſee it: and
Yet more amazed ſtand

To hear at once ſo great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to ſay they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place ſuch words to hear.

Mock not, profane deſpiſers of the ſpirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earneſt he hath ſent, who muſt inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is aſcended up on high
To his celeſtial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
He'll not receive alone,
But likewiſe give
Gifts unto all that live;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone;
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which bleſſed ſtate of glory,
This is his agent here:
To publiſh to the World that happy ſtory,
Always, and every where,
This reſident
Embaſſador is ſent.

Heaven's lieger upon earth to counter-work
The mines that Satan made,
And bring to light thoſe enemies, that lurk
Under ſin's gloomy ſhade:
That hell may not
Still boaſt what it hath got.

Thus Babel's curſe, confuſion, is retrieved;
Diverſity of tongues
By this diviſion of the ſpirit relieved:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of different rites.

O let his entertainment then be ſuch
As doth him beſt befit:
Whatever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this
Reaps the firſt-fruits of bliſs.

36. Trinity Sunday.

GRACE, Wit, and Art, aſſiſt me; for I ſee
The ſubject of this day's ſolemnity
So far excels in worth,
That ſooner may
I drain the ſea,
Or drive the day
With light away,
Than fully ſet it forth,
Except you join all three to take my part,
And chiefly Grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay, buſy ſoul, preſume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reaſon doth tranſcend.
God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghoſt,
Who moſt admireth, magnifieth moſt.

And who moſt magnifies beſt underſtands,
And beſt expreſſeth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,
When moſt they try
To glorify,

And raiſe on high,
Fall ſhort, and lie,
Groveling below: Man's giving
Is but reſtoring by retail, with loſs,
What from his God he firſt received in groſs.

Faith muſt perform the office of invention,
And Elocution, ſtruck with apprehenſion
Of wonder ſilence keep.
Not tongues, but eyes
Lift to the ſkies
In reverend wiſe,
Beſt ſolemnize
This day: whereof the deep
Myſterious ſubject lies out of the reach
Of wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.

Then write *non Ultra* here; Look not for leave
To ſpeak of what thou never canſt conceive
Worthily, as thou ſhouldſt:
And it ſhall be
Enough for thee,
If none but he
Himſelf doth ſee,
Though thou canſt not, thou wouldſt
Make his praiſe glorious, who is alone
Thrice bleſſed one in three, and three in one.

37. Invitation.

TURN in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's a homely place;
But thou canſt make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace:
So furniſhed it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou ſhalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to ſin ſet ope the door,
It render'd was by me.
And ſo thy building was defaced,
And in thy room another placed.

But he uſurps, the right is thine:
O diſpoſſeſs him, Lord.
Do thou but ſay, this heart is mine,
He's gone at the firſt word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is always; now's mine hour.

Now ſay to ſin, depart:
And, *Son give me thine heart.*
Thou, that by ſaying, *Let it be*, didſt make it,
Canſt, if thou wilt, by ſaying, *Give't me*, take it.

38. Comfort in Extremity.

ALAS! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!
It will be mine undoing;
If he go,
I'll run and overtake him:
If he ſtay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O ſtay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I;
Comfort me quickly, or I die.

Cheer up thy drooping ſpirits,
I am here.
Mine all-ſufficient merits
Shall appear
Before the throne of glory
In thy ſtead:
I'll put into thy ſtory
What I did.
Lift up thine eyes, ſad ſoul, and ſee
Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.

Alas! ſhall I preſent
My ſinfulneſs
To thee? thou wilt reſent
The loathſomeneſs.

41. Confuſion.

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40. Vows broken and renewed.

SAID I not ſo, that I would ſin no more?
Witneſs my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the ſcore:
My faults cannot be hid.
What ſhall I do? Make vows, and break them ſtill?
'Twill be but labour loſt?
My good cannot prevail againſt mine ill:
The buſineſs will be croſt.

O, ſay not ſo: thou canſt not tell what ſtrength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the laſt,
Thy God will pardon all that's paſt.
Vow, whilſt thou canſt; while thou canſt vow thou mayſt
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkeſt leaſt.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilſt he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be ſtill in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, ſay Amen,
And thine be all the praiſe.

41. Confuſion.

HOW my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought,
That I can find,
But's ravell'd
All to nought.
Short ends of threads,
And narrow ſhreds
Of liſts,
Knots ſnarled ruffs,
Looſe broken tufts
Of twiſts,
Are my torn meditation's ragged clothing,
Which, wound and woven ſhape a ſuit for nothing:
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my ſoul
But famiſh
With this food?
Pleaſure's full bowl
Taſtes ramiſh,
Taints the blood.
Profit picks bones,
And chews on ſtones
That choke:
Honour climbs hills,

Fats not, but fills
With ſmoke.
And whilſt my thoughts are greedy upon theſe,
They paſs by pearls, and ſtoop to pick up peaſe.
Such waſh and draff is fit for none but ſwine:
And ſuch I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Clothe me anew, and feed me then afreſh;
Elſe my ſoul dies famiſh'd, and ſtarved with fleſh.

42. A Paradox.

THE WORSE THE BETTER.

WELCOME mine health: this ſickneſs makes me well.
Medicines adieu:
When with diſeaſes I have liſt to dwell,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my ſtrength: this weakneſs makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of ſtanding ſtable,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loſs hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my credit: this diſgrace is glory.
Honours adieu:
When for renown, and fame I ſhall be ſorry,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome content: this ſorrow is my joy.
Pleaſures adieu:
When I deſire ſuch griefs as may annoy,
I'll wiſh for you.

Health, ſtrength, and riches, credit, and content,
Are ſpared beſt, ſometimes, when they are ſpent:
Sickneſs and weakneſs, loſs, diſgrace, and ſorrow,
Lend moſt ſometimes, when they ſeem moſt to borrow.
Bleſt be that hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forſaking me relieves.
If in my fall my riſing be thy will,
Lord, I will ſay, *The worſe the better ſtill.*
I'll ſpeak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy grace ſupply my want of wit.
Leave me no learning that a man may ſee,
So I may be a ſcholar unto thee.

43. Inmates.

A HOUSE I had (a heart, I mean), ſo wide,
And full of ſpacious rooms on every ſide,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
Of what I could not uſe, to entertain
Such gueſts as came: I did; But what befell
Me quickly in that courſe, I ſigh to tell.

A gueſt I had (alas! I have her ſtill)
A great big bellied gueſt, enough to fill
The vaſt content of hell, Corruption.
By entertaining her, I loſt my right
To more than all the world hath now in ſight.
Each day, each hour, almoſt, ſhe brought forth one,
Or other baſe begot Tranſgreſſion.

The charge grew great. I, that had loſt before
All that I had, was forced now to ſcore
For all the charges of their maintenance
In dooms-day book: Whoever knew't would ſay
The leaſt ſum there was more than I could pay,
When firſt 'twas due, beſides continuance,
Which could not chooſe but much the debt enhance.

To eaſe me firſt I wiſh'd her to remove:
But ſhe would not. I ſued her then above,
And begg'd the Court of heaven but in vain
To caſt her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which ſhe pleaded I had made,
That, whilſt both lived, I ſhould entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I muſt die or ſhe;
And yet my death of no avail would be:
For one death I had died already then,
When firſt ſhe lived in me: and now to die
Another death again were but to tie,
And twiſt them both into a third, which when
It once hath ſeized on, never looſeth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of myſelf, had neither power nor will.
So deſperate was my caſe. Whilſt I delay'd,
My gueſt ſtill teem'd, my debts ſtill greater grew;
The leſs I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid:
The more I muſed, the more I was diſmay'd.

At laſt I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend muſt do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many years ago the deed was done,
His heart was pierced; out of his ſide there ran
Sins' corroſives, reſtoratives for man.

That thenceforth I should live, Corruption an

And ſo ſhe died, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted: She is where ſhe was,
. Cleaves faſt unto me ſtill, looks thro' mine ey
Speaks in my tongue, and muſeth in my mind,
Works with mine hands: her body's left behind
Although her ſoul be gone. My miſeries
All flow from hence; from hence my woes ar

I loathe myſelf, becauſe I leave her not;
Yet cannot leave her. No, ſhe is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice;
And ſtill, though dead, ſhe both conceives and be
Many faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voi
And drown my comforts with their deadly no

Dead bodies kept unburied quickly ſtink
And putrefy. How can I then but think
Corruption noiſome, even mortified?

But mortified Corruption lies unmaſk'd,
Blabs her own ſecret filthineſs unaſk'd,
To all that underſtand her. That do none
In whom ſhe lives embraced with delight:
She firſt of all deprives them of their ſight;
Then dote they on her, as upon their own,
And ſhe to them ſeems beautiful alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead;
The other lives: Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carried captive unto ſin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.
The worſe part of the better, oft doth win:
And, when I ſhould have ended, I begin.

The ſcent would choke me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchſafeth to perfume the place
With odours of the ſpirit, which do eaſe me,
And counterpoiſe Corruption. Bleſſed Spirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit,
And of myſelf Tranſgreſſions only pleaſe me,
Add grace enough being revived to raiſe me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Againſt thy right, what to my wrong I ſold.
Having no ſtate myſelf, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou ſay, avaunt!
O ſpeak the word, and make theſe inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

My God, is here! [thy King
Cannot his preſence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he abſent, all the ſtanders by
Are but his ſpies:
And well he knows, if thou ſhouldſt it deny,
Thy words were lies.
If others will not, yet I muſt, and will,
Myſelf complain.

My God, e'en now a baſe rebellious thought
Began to move,
And ſubt'ly twining with me would have wrough
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that ſin
And thou might both
Take up my heart together for your Inn,
And neither loathe
The other's company: a while ſit ſtill,
And part again.

And I refuſe not puniſhment for this,
Though to my pain;
So I may learn to do no more amiſs,
Nor ſin again:
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then,
What I ſhall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I heard thee ſay,
That labour's eaſed:
The fault, that is confeſſ'd, is done away,
And thou art pleaſed.
How can I ſin again, and wrong thee then,
That doſt relent,
And ceaſe thine anger ſtraight, as ſoon as men
Do but repent?
No, rebel thought; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

45. The Loſs.

THE match is made
Between my Love and me:
And therefore glad
And merry now I'll be.
Come, glory, crown
My head;
And, pleaſures, drown
My bed
Of thorns in down.

Sorrow, be gone;
Delight
And joy alone
Befit
My honey-moon.
Be packing now,
You cumb'rous cares, and fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to ſighs and tears.
Whilſt thus I lay,
As raviſh'd with delight,
I heard one ſay,
So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice,
My Lord's,
And at the noiſe
His words
Did make, aroſe.
I look'd, and ſpied
Each where,
And loudly cried,
My dear;
But none replied:
Then to my grief
I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
Leaving me all alone.

46. The Search.

WHITHER, oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my love, that is ſo tender-hearted,
Forſake the ſoul, which once he thorough darted,
As if it never ſmarted?

No, ſure my love is here, if I could find him:
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my ſenſes are too weak to wind him:
Or elſe I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not ſo as I ought;
Nor ſeek him ſo as I by him was ſought,
When I had loſt myſelf: he dearly bought
Me, that was ſold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me ſound;
Loſt him again, by whom I firſt was found:
Him, that exalted me, have caſt to the ground;
My ſins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canſt tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For, in thy abſence heaven itſelf is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beeſt not gone, but only hideſt
Thy preſence in the place where thou abideſt,
Teach me the ſacred art, which thou provideſt
For all them, whom thou guideſt,

To ſeek and find thee by. Elſe here I'll lie,
Until thou find me. If thou let me die,
That only unto thee for life do cry,
Thou dieſt as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead muſt be:
At leaſt I'll lay my death on thee, and ſee
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thyſelf, I have
Thy promiſe for it, which thou canſt not wave,
That who ſalvation at thine hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to ſave.

Oh! ſeek, and find me then; or elſe deny
Thy truth, thyſelf. Oh! thou that canſt not lie,
Show thyſelf conſtant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Lo, here I lie.

47. The Return.

LO, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes: I ſee

'Tis he.
Thanks, bleſſed Lord, thine abſence was my hell;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I ſee I muſt
Not truſt
My joys unto myſelf:
This ſhelf,
Of too ſecure, and too preſumptuous pleaſure,
Had almoſt ſunk my ſhip, and drown'd my treaſure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended ſo,
And go
So ſuddenly away? As if enjoying
Full pleaſure and contentment, were annoying,

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joys, amongſt other things,
Have wings,
And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is 't enough for me
To be
Inſtructed to be wiſe?
I'll riſe,
And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joys would keep
Muſt weep;
And in the brine of tears
And fears
Muſt pickle them. That powder will preſerve:
Faith with repentance is the ſoul's conſerve.

Learn to make much of care:
A rare
And precious balſam 'tis
For bliſs;
Which oft reſides, where mirth with ſorrow meets:
Heavenly joys on earth are bitter-ſweets.

48. Inundations.

WE talk of *Noah's* flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may;
The Scriptures ſay,
The water did prevail, the hills were under,
And nothing could be ſeen but Sea.

And yet there are two other floods ſurpaſs
That flood, as far,
As heaven one ſtar,
Which many men regard, as little, as
The ordinarieſt things that are.

The one is ſin, the other is ſalvation:
And we muſt need
Confeſs indeed,
That either of them is an inundation,
Which doth the deluge far exceed.

In Noah's flood he and his houſehold lived:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load
Of other creatures, that were then reprieved:
All ſafely on the waters rode.

But when ſin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay, even he,
That knew no ſin, could not releaſe my thrall,
But that he was made ſin for me;

And, when ſalvation came, my Saviour's blood
Drown'd ſin again,
With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever ſhall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'erflow
In my ſoul ſo,
That thankfulneſs may level with ſalvation,
And ſorrow ſin may overgrow.

Then will I praiſe my Lord and Saviour ſo,
That Angel's ſhall
Admire man's fall,
When they ſhall ſee God's greateſt glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

49. Sin.

SIN, I would fain define thee; but thou art
An uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To ſhow thee fully, ſhows thee but in part.

I call thee the tranſgreſſion of the Law,
And yet I read
That ſin is dead
Without the Law; and thence its ſtrength doth draw.

I ſay thou art the ſting of death. 'Tis true:
And yet I find
Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay be due.

I ſay thou art the devil's work; Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father;
For he had been no devil but for thee.

What ſhall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right underſtood,
Be names too good,
I'll ſay thou art the quinteſſence of evil.

50. Travels at Home.

OFT have I wiſh'd a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the ſights to ſee,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occaſion, as the grave,
That never ſays, enough; yet ſtill was croſt,
When opportunities had promiſed moſt.
At laſt I ſaid, what mean'ſt thou, wandering elf,
To ſtraggle thus? Go travel firſt thyſelf.
Thy little world can ſhow thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou ſhalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe ſupplies, and Aſia thy will,
And Afric thine affections. And if ſtill
Thou liſt to travel further, put thy ſenſes
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences,
Of new diſcoveries, whilſt yet thine own,
And neareſt, little world is ſtill unknown.
Away then with thy quadrants, compaſſes,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glaſſes:
Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
Cloſe up thine annals, and thine hiſtories.

Study thyſelf, and read what thou haſt writ
In thine own book, thy conſcience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge ſo,
And thine own neareſt, deareſt, ſelf not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dangerous are,
Whilſt oft the ſoul pays for the body's fare:
Travels at home are cheap, and ſafe. Salvation
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himſelf, needeth no further go.

51. The Journey.

LIFE is a journey. From our mothers' wombs,
As houſes, we ſet out: and in our tombs,
As Inns, we reſt, till it be time to riſe.
'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
Haughty preſumption and hell-deep deſpair
Make our way dangerous, though ſeeming fair.
The world, with its enticements ſleek and ſly,
Slabbers our ſteps, and makes them ſlippery.
The fleſh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of luſts unmeet.
The devil where we tread, doth ſpread his ſnares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footſteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
Theſe carry us along; in theſe there lurks
Envy, luſt, avarice, ambition,

The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongſt the thorny brakes
Of wordly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to ſee us pierce ourſelves with ſorrow
To-day, by thinking what may be to-morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of pleaſure: and we never lin
Daubing ourſelves, with dirty damn'd delights,
Till ſelf-begotten pain our pleaſure frights.
Sometimes we ſcramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour; and we break our ranks
To ſtep before our fellows; though, they ſay,
He ſooneſt tireth, that ſtill leads the way.
Sometimes, when others juſtle and provoke us,
We ſtir that duſt ourſelves, that ſerves to choke us;
And raiſe thoſe tempeſts of contention, which
Blow us beſide the way into the ditch.
Our minds ſhould be our guides; but they are blind:
Our wills outrun our wits, or lag behind.
Our furious paſſions, like unbridled jades,
Hurry us headlong to the infernal ſhades.
If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternal death will be our journey's end.

52. Engines.

MEN often find, when nature's at a ſtand,
And hath in vain tried all her utmoſt ſtrength,
That Art, her Ape, can reach her out a hand,

To piece her powers with to a full length.
And may not grace have means enough in ſtore
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: ſhe hath engines of every kind,
To work, what Art and Nature, when they view,
Stupendous miracles of wonder find,
And yet muſt needs acknowledge to be true;
So far tranſcending all their power and might,
That they amazed ſtand e'en at the ſight.

Take but three inſtances; faith, hope, and love.
Souls help'd by the perſpective glaſs of faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of reaſon: yea, the Scripture ſaith,
E'en him that is inviſible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith looks into the ſecret Cabinet
Of God's eternal Counſels, and doth ſee
Such myſteries of glory there, as ſet
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the ſame image, and appear
So alter'd, as if themſelves were there.

Faith can raiſe earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet,
Felicity and miſery, can crown
Reproach with honour, ſeaſon ſour with ſweet.
Nothing's impoſſible to faith: a man
May do all things that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raiſe the heart
Above itſelf in expectation
Of what the ſoul deſireth for its part:
Then, when its time of tranſmigration
Is delay'd longeſt, yet as patiently
To wait, as if 'twere anſwer'd by and by.

When grief unwieldy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little centre ſhall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which giant-like before did ſtrout,
Be able with a pigmy's pace to hold out.

Hope can diſperſe the thickeſt clouds of night,
That fear hath overſpread the ſoul withal;
And make the darkeſt ſhadows ſhine as bright
As the Sun-beams ſpread on a ſilver wall.
Sin-ſhaken ſouls Hope anchor-like holds ſteady,
When ſtorm and tempeſts make them more than giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the world's wide wilderneſs;
And burdens ſeeming moſt intolerable
Both to take up, and bear with cheerfulneſs.
To do, or ſuffer, what appears in ſight
Extremely heavy, love will make moſt light.

Yea, what by men is done, or ſuffered,
Either for God, or elſe for one another,

Though in itſelf it be much blemiſhed
With many imperfections, which ſmother,
And drown, the worth, and weight of it; yet, fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwiſe,
Or would be both diverſe, and diſtant. Deep,
High, long, and broad, or whatſoever ſize
Eternity is of, or happineſs,
Love comprehends it all, be 't more or leſs.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them poſſeſs mine heart,
And gladly I'll reſign to other men
All I can claim by nature or by art.
To mount a ſoul, and make it ſtill ſtand ſtable,
Theſe are alone Engines incomparable.

Notes on the Temple and Synagogue.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

GHERBERT is a true poet, but a poet *ſui generis*, the merits of whoſe poems will never be felt without a ſympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader poſſeſſes a cultivated judgment, claſſical taſte, or even poetic ſenſibility, unleſs he be likewiſe a *Chriſtian*, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a *devotional*, Chriſtian. But even this will not quite ſuffice. He muſt be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a conſtitutional prediſpoſition to ceremonioufneſs, in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not ſources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

The Church, ſay rather, the Churchmen of *England* under the firſt two *Stuarts*, have been charged with a yearning after the Romiſh fopperies and even the Papiſtic uſurpations, but we ſhall decide more correctly, as well as more charitably, if for the Romiſh and Papiſtic we ſubſtitute the *Patriſtic* leaven. There even was (natural enough from their diſtinguiſhed learning, and knowledge of eccleſiaſtical antiquities) an overrating of the Church and of the Fathers, for the firſt five or even ſix centuries; the lines on the Egyptian monks, "Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*" [p. 222] ſupply a ſtriking inſtance and illuſtration of this.

P. 12, laſt ſtanza. I do not underſtand this ſtanza.

P. 43. 'My fleſh began unto my ſoul in pain.' Either a miſprint, or a noticeable idiom of the word 'began?' Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is;—the firſt colloquy or addreſs of the fleſh.

P. 47. 'With an exact and moſt particular truſt,' &c. I find few hiſtorical facts ſo difficult of ſolution as the continuance, in Proteſtantiſm, of this anti-Scriptural ſuperſtition.

P. 57. 'This verſe marks that,' &c. The ſpiritual unity of the Bible=the order and connexion of organic forms, in which the unity of life is ſhown, though as widely diſperſed in the world of the mere ſight as the text.

P. 57. 'Then, as diſperſed herbs do *watch* a potion.' Some miſprint.

P. 93. 'A *box* where,' &c. Neſt.

P. 97. 'Diſtinguiſhed.' I underſtand this but imperfectly. Diſtinguiſhed—they form an iſland? and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nouriſhed by water? but then how is the aſcending ſap "our cleanlineſs?"

P. 151. 'But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.' Nay, the contrary; take wine to be blood, and *the* blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of *England* demands; for Conſubſtantiation only *adds* a myſtery to that of Tranſubſtantiation, which it implies.

P. 189. 'The Flower.' *A delicious poem.*

P. 189. 'The late-paſt froſts tributes of pleaſure bring.'

⏑ – – – – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑

Epitritus primus + Dactyl + Trochee + a long monoſyllable, which, together with the pauſe intervening between it and the preceding trochee, equals ⏑ ⏑ ⏑, form a pleaſing variety in the Pentameter Iambic with rhymes. Ex. gr.

Thĕ lāte pāſt frōſts | trībŭtĕs ŏf | pleāſŭre brīng.

N. B. Firſt, the difference between — ⏑ | — and an amphimacer — ⏑ — | and this not always or neceſſarily ariſing out of the latter being one word. It may even conſiſt of three words: yet the effect be the ſame. It is the pauſe that makes the difference. Secondly, the expediency if not neceſſity that the firſt ſyllable both of the Dactyl and the Trochee ſhould be ſhort by quantity, and only long by force of accent or poſition—the Epitrite being true *lengths*.

Whether the laſt ſyllable be long or ſhort, the force of the rhymes renders indifferent.

P. 189. 'As if there *were no ſuch cold thing.*' Had been no ſuch thing.

P. 195. '*That* choice,' &c. Their.

P. 198. 'E'en in my *enemies'* ſight.' Foemen's.

P. 216. 'That they in *merit* ſhall excel.' I ſhould not have expected from *Herbert* ſo open an avowal of Romaniſm in the article of *merit.* In the ſame ſpirit is *holy Macarius* and great *Anthony*, p. 220.*

P. 317. 'Although it be of *tuch.*' *Tuch* rhyming to *much*, from the German *tuch*, cloth;—I never met with it before, as an Engliſh word. So I find *platt* for foliage in *Stanley's* Hiſt. of Philoſophy, p. 22.

P. 332. 'Though biſhops without preſbyteries many.' An inſtance of *proving too much.*

P. 333. 'To ſeveral *perſons*,' &c. Functions of times, but not perſons, of neceſſity? Ex. Biſhop to Archbiſhop.

P. 335. 'That he loves God, or heaven, or happineſs.' Equally unthinking and uncharitable;—I approve of them;—but yet re-

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* The Rev. Dr. *Bliſs* has kindly furniſhed the following judicious remark, and which is proved to be correct, as the word is printed 'heare' in the firſt edition (1633). He ſays, "Let me take this opportunity of mentioning what a very learned and able friend pointed out on this note. The fact is, *Coleridge* has been miſled by an error of the preſs.

What others mean to do, I know not well,
Yet I here tell, &c. &c.

ſhould be *hear tell.* The ſenſe is then obvious, and *Herbert* is not made to do that which he was the laſt man in the world to have done, namely, to avow 'Romaniſm in the article of merit;' on the contrary, he ſays, although I know not the intention of others, yet I am told that there are who will plead their freedom from ſin and the excellence of their own deeds—not ſo with me, when my account is called for, ſo far from laying claim to any merit, I ſhall at once tender the New Teſtament, by which we learn that *Chriſt* hath taken upon himſelf our ſins. *Herbert* does not avow the article of merit; he hears that ſome do, but reſolves 'that to decline.'"

member Roman Catholic idolatry, and that it originated in ſuch high flown metaphors as theſe.

P. 335. 'The Sabbath, or Lord's Day.' Make it ſenſe, and loſe the rhyme; or make it rhyme, and loſe the ſenſe.

P. 339. 'The Nativity,' &c. The only poem in the *Synagogue* which poſſeſſes *poetic* merit; with a few changes and additions this would be a ſtriking poem.

Mr. C. propoſes to ſubſtitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line:

To ſheath or blunt one happy ray,
That wins new ſplendour from the day.
This day that gives the power to riſe,
And ſhine on hearts as well as eyes:
This birth-day of all ſouls, when firſt
On eyes of fleſh and blood did burſt
That primal great lucific light,
That rays to thee, to us gave ſight.

P. 348. 'Whitſunday.' The ſpiritual miracle was the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt: the outward the wind and the tongues; and ſo St. *Peter* himſelf explains it. That each individual obtained the power of ſpeaking all languages, is neither contained in, nor fairly deducible from, St. *Luke's* account.

P. 351. 'All reaſon doth *tranſcend*.' Moſt true; but not *contradict*. Reaſon is to faith, as the eye to the teleſcope.

Mr. *Coleridge*, in his *Biographia Literaria*, after quoting ſome ſtanzas from *Chaucer's Troilus and Creſſida*, ſays, "Another exquiſite maſter of this ſpecies of ſtyle, where the ſcholar and the poet ſupplies the material, but the perfect well-bred gentleman, the expreſſions and the arrangement, is *George Herbert*. As from the nature of the ſubject, and the two frequent quaintneſs of the thoughts, his *Temple; or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations* are comparatively but little known, I ſhall extract two poems. The firſt is a ſonnet, equally admirable for the weight, number, and expreſſion of the thoughts, and for the ſimple dignity of the language (unleſs

indeed a faſtidious taſte ſhould object to the latter half of the ſixth line); the ſecond is a poem of greater length, which I have choſen not only for the preſent purpoſe, but likewiſe as a ſtriking example and illuſtration of an aſſertion hazarded in a former page of theſe ſketches: namely, that the characteriſtic fault of our elder poets is the reverſe of that, which diſtinguiſhes too many of our recent verſifiers; the one conveying the moſt fantaſtic thoughts in the moſt correct and natural language; the other in the moſt fantaſtic language conveying the moſt trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words; the former an enigma of thoughts. The one reminds me of an odd paſſage in *Drayton's* Ideas:

SONNET IX.

As other men, ſo I myſelf do muſe,
Why in this ſort I wreſt invention ſo;
And why theſe *giddy metaphors* I uſe,
Leaving the path the greater part do go?
I will reſolve you: *I am lunatic!*

The other recalls a ſtill odder paſſage in the *Synagogue: or the Shadow of the Temple*, a connected ſeries of poems in imitation of *Herbert's Temple*, and in ſome editions annexed to it:

O! how my mind, &c. p. 357.

Immediately after theſe burleſque paſſages, I cannot proceed to the extracts promiſed, without changing the ludicrous tone of feeling by the interpoſition of the three following ſtanzas of *Herbert's*:

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, &c. p. 92.

THE BOSOM SIN.

Lord, with what care, &c. p. 41.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, ſit down, &c. p. 144.

Vide *Biographia Literaria*, vol. 2. p. 98.

The beſt and moſt forcible ſenſe of a word is often that which is contained in its Etymology. The author of the Poems (the *Synagogue*), frequently affixed to *Herbert's Temple*, gives the original purport of the word Integrity, in the following lines of the fourth ſtanza of the eighth poem;

> Next to Sincerity, remember ſtill,
> Thou muſt reſolve upon *Integrity*.
> God will have *all* thou haſt, thy mind, thy will,
> Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works.

And again, after ſome verſes on conſtancy and humility, the poem concludes with—

> He that deſires to ſee
> The face of God, in his religion muſt
> Sincere, *entire*, conſtant, and humble be.

Having mentioned the name of *Herbert*, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintneſs of ſome of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the moſt part exquiſite in their kind. *The Friend*, vol. i. p. 53, edit. 1837.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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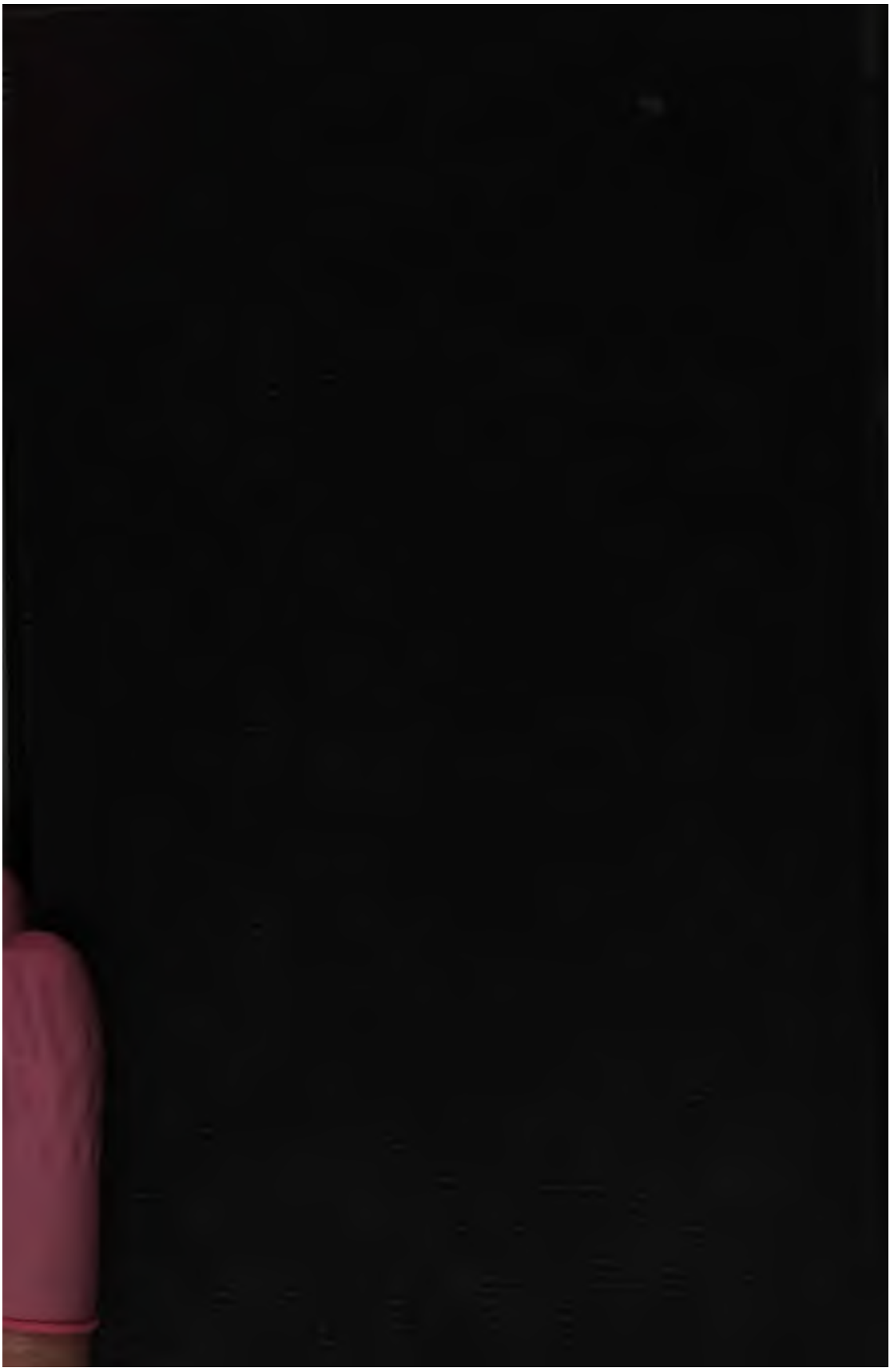
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